

RICHARD PETERS
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IMPROVEMENT ERA



MAY, 1925

Vol. 28

No. 7

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

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Faith, Hope and Charity

• "And now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity, these three;
but the greatest of these is Charity."—I Cor. 13:13.

There are three attributes of God
That make our earth a better place;
And all who in life's paths have trod
Have known sometimes their saving grace.
Their names are Faith and Hope and Love,
Of these all hearts some share possess,
And like all things from heav'n above,
Are sent to comfort and to bless.

True Faith gives an assuring hope,
And evidence of joys unseen,
And, as through life our way we grope,
It keeps the distant hill-tops green,
The solid rock on which we build
Our future hopes with every breath,
Is just an honest heart well-filled
With loving trust and simple Faith.

Hope plays in life a happy part,
And keeps the skies serene and fair;
Where hope is ever in the heart,
There is no room for dull despair.
To tired hearts she softly sings,
And, like the new morn's golden ray,
To sad despairing hearts she brings,
Glad visions of a brighter day.

And Charity, that greatest gift,
That fills the world with happy hearts,
Is true, unselfish, kind and swift
To heal the wounds of anger's darts;
Her arms are ever open wide,
Her smile is ever kindly giv'n,
And where doth Charity abide,
There may be seen a glimpse of heaven.

This trinity of glorious truth,
Of Faith, and Hope and Charity,
Gives to the world perpetual youth,
And fills all hearts with ecstasy,
Oh may the Giver of all Light,
Who showers His blessings from above,
All people on this earth unite
In perfect Faith, and Hope and Love.

Sydney, Australia.

HENRY C. DEWITT.



THREE SCENES IN PROVO, UTAH

Top: Mt. Timpanogos, from Provo Bench; Center: The new Columbia Steel Co. plant; bottom: The City and County Building

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXVIII

MAY, 1925

No. 7

THE RIDDLE OF THE CENTURIES

BY DR. J. E. GREAVES

There are probably few individuals who have lived to the age of understanding without asking, at least themselves, the questions: What is life? From whence does it come, and how does the living differ from the lifeless? These have been the riddles of the centuries. The philosophers have pondered over them. The scientists have taken their laboratories in an endeavor to wring from Nature an answer. From the very dawn of history we find that all mankind have concerned themselves with these momentous questions, and today some will say that they are no nearer being solved than when primitive man strolled from his cave, club in hand, to slay the living that by so doing he might live. Be this as it may, contrary to the belief of many the search has yielded a harvest rich in very deed. It is the history of this harvest and some of its fruits which we wish to briefly examine.

The race is like the child in that during the early stages of development the imagination is the predominating instinct. Hence, we find the first descriptions of the origin of life highly imaginative.

The Greeks looked on the Goddess of Gea as the mother of mankind. In their glorious mythology they picture men and women as springing into life from the stones cast on her. The Celts have pictured the soil as peopled with gnomes and pixies, friends or enemies of mankind.

Many ancient writers fancifully portrayed the transforming of dead into living matter. The Greek philosophers taught it, Aristotle wrote, "Animals sometimes arise in soil, in plants, or in other animals.

Three centuries later Ovid, in his dissertation on the Pythagorean philosophy, defends the doctrine of spontaneous generation, while Virgil in the *Georgics* gives directions for the artificial production of bees.

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Paracelsus (1493-1541), the Swiss medical philosopher who greatly confused fact and fancy, gives instructions for the making of homunculi. Certain substances are to be placed in a bottle; the bottle is well stoppered and buried in a manure heap. Everyday certain incantations must be pronounced over the bottle. In time, so Paracelsus declares, a small living human being (homunculus) will appear in the bottle. However, he naively admits that he has never succeeded in keeping the homunculus alive after it is taken from the bottle. Kircher even goes a step further and describes and even pictures certain animals which he claims were spontaneously produced before his eyes through the influence of water on fragments of plants. Cardano (1501-71) taught that water gave rise to fish and animals and that it was the cause of fermentation.

As late as the sixteenth century a famous chemist and physicist, Van Helmont, stated that mice can be generated spontaneously by placing some dirty rags together with a few grains of wheat or a piece of cheese in a dark place. Today the same philosopher's method of producing scorpions is amusing. "Scoop out a hole in a brick, put into it some sweet basil. Lay a second brick upon the first so that the hole may be imperfectly covered. Expose the two bricks to the sun and at the end of a few days the smell of the sweet basil, acting as ferment, will change the herb into a real scorpion."

An Italian, Bononani, tells of a wonderful transformation which he claims to have witnessed. Rotten timber which he rescued from the sea produced worms; these gave rise to butterflies; and, strangest of all, the butterflies became birds and flew away. Gradually these grotesque, fanciful opinions concerning spontaneous generation were abandoned and it was believed that only lower plants and animals, seaweeds, algae, lichens, lice, mites, and maggots, could develop without parents. Even today we can find fairly intelligent individuals who believe that mites and lice can develop without parents and that the hair from the tail or mane of a horse will change into a worm or snake if placed in water, and exposed to light and warmth.

Everyone took it as a self-evident fact that maggots originated spontaneously from decomposing meat, or cheese, until an Italian poet and physician, Redi (1626-98), took the simple precaution of screening the mouth of jars containing meat so that flies could not enter. They were attracted by the odor and deposited their eggs on the gauze, and it was from these that the so-called "worms" arose.

By the middle of the sixteenth century the theory of the spontaneous generation of mice, scorpions, and maggots had been proven untenable. But at this time Leuwenhoek discovered various living moving animalcules in raindrops, saliva, and many putrefying substances. Then all were sure there had been discovered the origin of life. For anyone provided with this new instrument, the microscope, could easily demonstrate for himself the spontaneous generation of

microscopic eels in vinegar or produce myriads of different and interesting living creatures in simple infusions of hay or other organic material.

Needham, a Catholic priest, in 1745, placed decaying organic matter in a closed vessel. This he placed on hot ashes to destroy any existing life. On examining the contents of the vessel after a time, he found micro-organisms which were not there in the beginning. From this he evolved his theory that a force called "productive" or "vegetative" existed which was responsible for the formation of organized beings. The great naturalist, Buffon, elaborated the theory that there were certain unchangeable parts common to all living creatures. After death these ultimate constituents were supposed to be set free and become very active until with one another and still other particles they gave rise to swarms of microscopic living creatures.

In 1769 Spallanzani repeated the work of Needham. He boiled the material for one hour and kept it in hermetically sealed flasks. He wrote, "I used hermetically sealed vessels. I kept them for one hour in boiling water, and after opening and examining their contents, after a reasonable interval, I found not the slightest trace of animalcules, though I had examined the infusion from nineteen different vessels."

But the believers in the theory of spontaneous generation were not convinced, as they claimed that boiling had altered the character of the infusion so it became unfit for the production of life. Voltaire, with his characteristic satire, took up the fight at this point and ridiculed the operations of the English clergy "who had engendered eels in the gravy of boiled mutton" and wittily remarked: "It is strange that men should deny a creator and yet attribute to themselves the power of creating eels." This, however, was a controversy to be settled not by ridicule but by experimental evidence.

Spallanzani answered their objections by cracking one of the flasks. Air entered and decay immediately set in. Even this was not sufficient to overthrow an age-long belief. The abiogenist argued "the sealing of the flask excludes air, and the oxygen or air is essential for the generation of life."

This objection was answered by the work of many an ingenious investigator. Schulze, in 1836, passed air through strong acids and then into boiled infusions and failed to find life even after the infusion had stood some time. Schwann passed the air through highly heated tubes with the same results. To this the argument of the opponents was, heat and chemicals so alter the physical and chemical composition of the air that it is unable to engender life. The work of Shroeder and Dusch (1853) was more convincing, for they found that it is sufficient to use cotton stoppers in bottles containing heated milk, meat, and other perishable substances and they will keep indefinitely.

Since the dawn of history man has been interested in the wonderful process of fermentation, and although many an ingenious theory

has been evolved to explain it, little more than theory existed until the classic works of Pasteur on fermentation appeared about 1837. He taught that all forms of fermentation are due to the action of organized microscopic cells. Helmholtz and Liebig opposed this idea. The latter even scoffed at such an idea, writing: "Those who pretend that the putrefaction of animal substances is due to the presence of micro-organisms reason very much like a child who would explain the rapidity of the Rhine by attributing it to the violent motions imparted to it in the direction of Burgen by the numerous wheels of the mills of Venice." However, the carefully planned experiments of Pasteur soon demonstrated that without micro-organisms there would be no fermentation, no putrefaction, no decay of any kind, except by the slow process of oxidation.

If there were any doubts left in the minds of the scientists as to the fallacy of the theory of spontaneous generation after the work of Pasteur, they were dispelled by the work of Tyndall. He demonstrated that in an atmosphere devoid of dust, as on the tops of mountains and ingeniously constructed boxes used by him, perishable substances, if sterile, when placed in such an atmosphere, will keep for an indefinite period.

Thus was established the principle that life springs only from life. From the viewpoint of the welfare of the human race the most momentous discovery made by man, for on it is reared those three sciences which have done so much to prevent, alleviate, and cure human ills—bacteriology, pathology, and surgery.

Having received from Nature the dictum that life springs only from life, the scientist has come to divide objects on the surface of the earth into two great classes—the living and the lifeless. The former possess certain characteristics which are not possessed by the latter. These properties are movement, growth, reproduction, respiration, and irritability. It is to a study of these that the scientist has turned his attention during the last quarter of a century.

Lifeless matter often manifests movement. A rock, cut from the side of a mountain, rolls into the valley below. Movement is due to position. The migration of the ameba may be closely imitated with a drop of chloroform placed in water on a superficially hardened shellac surface. A marked surface tension develops between the chloroform, the water, and the moist shellac layer; soon the chloroform and shellac commence to be moistened at some point, and at this point the surface tension of the chloroform is lowered and it seeks to spread itself out. By various modifications of this method one can imitate the chasing of small ameba by larger ones, the taking up of food and very many interesting life phenomena. In all these imitations, however, it is to be noted that the impelling factor comes from without; whereas, in the living cell it comes from within. This may manifest itself as the change

of position on the earth's surface as in the case of the animal or the internal protoplasmatic movements of the plant cells. While much of this may be due to osmotic changes of the protoplasm yet the energy comes from the food and in this the law of the conservation of energy has been found to rigidly hold. From it we are learning that the efficient engines for the transformation of energy are not man-made but the natural living cells. And although in this respect the body of man is wonderful, yet the little firefly we observe darting about on a dark summer evening is probably the most wonderful dynamo in existence.

Growth, yes lifeless material grows, as even the young boy understands as he rolls his snow man. A lump of copper sulphate thrown into a dilute solution of potassium ferrocyanide soon develops a brown envelope which throws out upward-growing runners, and in half an hour's time the fluid is filled with figures which vividly recall both the shapes and color of the seaweed. The weight of the resulting artificial plants may be 150 times that of the original copper sulphate. We all know that a crystal placed in the mother liquid grows. This has been likened unto the growth of the living organism, but only a moment's thought is necessary to show that the likeness is only superficial. Crystals grow by the addition of a like material, whereas the living cell takes dissimilar substances and transforms them into another material—living tissue.

Inasmuch as growth viewed from the physiological viewpoint consists of the transforming of unorganized food stuffs into new chemical entities which constitute the organized protoplasm of the animal, it is evident that the living organism must have food. It is but a short time since the rule was that the food of man should contain carbohydrates, fats, proteins, and water. Ash was looked upon more as an impurity which was tolerated but not essential until it was found that an animal on such a diet died sooner than another receiving only water. Ash then was found essential not alone as building material but as a regulator of body processes, and some even claim that life phenomena function even more through the mineral elements than through the organic. Today we know that a diet consisting of carbohydrates, fats, proteins, ash, and water will not maintain growth unless the growth promotion Vitamin *B* is present, and even then for only a short time unless the regulatory Vitamins *A* and *C* are also included in the diet. Nor is the kind of protein without significance. The growth-promoting lysine and the regulatory tryptophane must be contained within their molecule.

The diet may meet all these requirements and still there be no growth even in the young animal, or when there is growth it may be abnormal as in the case of rickets where there is a defective parathyroid or a lack of Vitamin *D* and thus is the myxoedemic condition which results when there is under-activity of the thyroid.

The results which have been obtained in transforming the cretin into a normal individual is a metamorphosis as wonderful as the transforming of the tadpole into the frog. Gudermatsch made the remarkable discovery that even this metamorphosis, which in our climate usually occurs during the third or fourth month of life of the tadpole, can be brought about at will even in the youngest tadpoles by feeding them thyroid gland—no matter from what animal. By feeding very young tadpoles with this substance frogs no larger than a fly can be produced. Allen added the observation that if a young tadpole is deprived of its thyroid gland it is unable ever to become a frog, and it remains a tadpole which, however, can reach a long life and continue to grow beyond the usual size of the tadpole. However, when such abnormal tadpoles are fed with thyroid they promptly undergo metamorphosis. Similarly the thyroxin governs the form and rate of growth in man.

The size which the individual reaches is not alone determined by inheritance and the food received, but also by the activity of the pituitary gland. For today in animal experiments there is produced at will the giant or the pygmy by the use of tethelin which not only increases the size but also lengthens the life of the animal. These discoveries have placed in the hands of the dietitian and physician weapons against abnormalities of growth in stature and in mind which in the age of mythology were attributed only to the gods.

In man there are periods of rapid growth followed by quiescent periods. These are three in number, each beginning with a period of relatively slow growth followed by a period of very rapid growth and culminating with the termination of the cycle in a period of slackening growth again. In the case of the first two cycles this slackening of growth is followed by a fresh spurt of acceleration due to the succeeding cycle. The first cycle closes toward the end of the first year the second about the sixth year, and the third at maturity. It has been recently shown by Robertson that these cycles of growth obey the equation of an autocatalyzed mono-molecular reaction.

The third characteristic of the living, and the only property it is certain that some of the simpler organisms possess—organisms too small to be seen with even the most powerful microscope—is that of reproduction.

Although the morphological changes occurring in multiplication have long been studied, it is only recently that successful attempts have been made to study the first stage in reproduction—fertilization. The work of Loeb on the egg of the sea urchin or frog has demonstrated that they may be successfully fertilized by treating first with a dilute solution of butyric acid and then with hypertonic sea water. When thus treated the unfertilized egg develops into the adult possessing maternal characteristics. This called forth from the laity the statement that life had been created, but the answer from the scientist

came, "No; life has not been created. There has only been arrested a chemical process which has its origin with the origin of the cell and which ultimately ends in the death of the organism." To test this proposition the unfertilized cell was treated with antiseptics strong enough to retard enzymic action but not strong enough to kill the cell, and then even the unfertilized cell developed for some time. Moreover, Loeb found that the duration of life, barring accidents and bacteria in the metazoa, is inversely proportional to the temperature at which the animal is living. Decrease the temperature ten degrees and one doubles or trebles the length of life.

If certain salt-water fish be placed in a solution of common salt having the same osmotic pressure as has sea water the fish soon die. Death in this case is not due to a lack of food, as a similar fish placed in distilled water lives for some time. Now, if a small quantity of calcium chloride had been added to the first solution the fish would have lived. Moreover, if the heart be removed from the body of an animal and placed in a salt solution it soon dies, but if small quantities of calcium salts be present the heart beats normally. Now, the tissues of the animal are all bathed during health in a solution having a balanced composition, but in diseases this concentration is changed. Hence, we have abnormal function, or even death. This plays a part in many nervous disorders. Probably it is often the prime factor in corea, or even some tumorous growths may have their origin in some such fashion. Moreover, this discovery explains the action of many of the common cathartics on the human organism. Inasmuch as they are calcium precipitant, they leave an unbalanced condition in the protoplasm—hence, the increased muscular contractions.

The same laws hold in the unicellular and multicellular plants, that is, there must be not only sufficient mineral food but it must be in the right proportion. Hence, when viewed by themselves the experiments on the fertilization of the egg appear trivial, but from them has been developed this fundamental law: "Normal life is possible only when necessary salts combine with the colloids of living substances in a definite ratio."

Finally, we have the two other properties of living matter—respiration and irritability—which often require special apparatus for their detection, but which are just as fundamental as the others. All living things respire and consume oxygen, liberate energy, and give off carbon dioxide. This is obvious in the case of man but not in the case of the potato; but allow water to find its ways into the potato pit, and the potatoes are drowned. Two kernels of wheat side by side appear the same—one is alive and will grow if placed in suitable soil, the other is dead and will not grow. The two seeds placed in the chamber of a biometer show unmistakable differences in the quantity of carbon dioxide produced.

Both the living and the dead seed gives off certain dioxide, the difference being only in quantity. The living cell, however, markedly differs from the dead in that it is irritable. Prick a man with a pin and he jumps and says "Ouch," or he may even use stronger language. Prick the living seed with a pin and it also jumps and says, "Ouch" but in language which it requires the biometer to detect and interpret. It gives off more carbon dioxide. This is true of all cells even the nerves which some individuals think obtain their energy from some other source than the metabolized food. This property of increased carbon dioxide output and irritability is so general that it has come to be spoken of as "a chemical sign of life." By following this gaseous exchange in the higher animals it is possible to determine whether carbohydrates, fats, or proteins are being burned, or whether one is being transformed into one of the others.

For years all these transformations were explained by the statement that they were "cell activities." But refined chemical and biological methods have made it possible to push aside the mantle surrounding the cell and to gather some of the engines with which life acts. And today many scientists are busy studying these engines—the enzymes. At first, attempts were made to obtain the purified product, but inasmuch as we have no criterion by which purity can be judged, and further because of the extreme unstability of the product the work is extremely difficult. Efforts therefore are being made to synthesize the enzymes and to learn the laws governing their activity.

Advances have already been made. Euler has produced an artificial oxidase, Falk an artificial lipase. The synthesis and control of artificial enzymes will revolutionize the science and art of organic synthesis. It may make it possible to control or combat pathological condition in the human organism. All the vital steps in digestion are due to enzymes. When they fail, due to disease, will it be possible to replace them by the laboratory product? The diabetic has lost his power to oxidize sugar. Is it due to the absence of an enzyme or an activator? If either, will it be possible to replace it by a synthetic product and thus save from a living death these unfortunate individuals? The sugar-beet by means of its leaves gathers carbon dioxide and kinetic energy. Through its roots it drinks in water. In the cell they are transformed into sucrose. Sometime in the future will the sugar factory be a place in which carbon dioxide of limestone through the intervention of catalysts be made to combine with water, thus producing formaldehyde which on condensation will yield sugar?

Having synthesized the carbohydrates, why not the fats, and finally the proteins, and thus the laboratory in place of the field become the source of the food of man? This I grant is imaginary and today sounds like a dream. But we must remember that synthetic alazarine red and indigo blue have replaced the natural products from

the madder and indigo plants. Camphor no longer comes only from the camphor tree. The synthetic perfumes are destroying the flower industries of Italy and France. Cocaine has been replaced by the synthetic product, procaine, which possesses all of the anaesthetic properties of the natural product and is devoid of its toxicity. A synthetic modification of quinine bids fair to accomplish in the case of pneumonia what salvarsan and quinine are doing in the case of syphilis and malaria. Today it appears as if a synthetic drug is to conquer that horrible plague, leprosy. Hence, it requires a vivid imagination to even portray the possibilities of the future.

We have seen how rich has been the harvest from a functional study of the living cell. No less interesting and remunerative has been the structural study. You all recognize that there are no two men exactly alike. The cattle man tells us that he has no two cattle alike, the sheep herder that there are no two sheep alike, the botanist that no two leaves or blades of grass are alike, and now the biologist tells us that the proteins composing our tissues are different from those composing the tissues of other individuals. Our individuality goes back to each individual cell. True, they are composed of the same amino acids, but these are arranged in different combinations. Now, from the nineteen amino acids could there be produced enough different proteins for all? Calculating the theoretical number of permutations and combinations we find there to be no less than two million billion different proteins possible. These, while the stream of life is coursing through the living cell, are held in a certain liable position. When death comes they swing back to the stable.

Throughout the study of the living cell one is impressed with the order, the correlation, the smooth and compact way in which the reaction goes on in the living cell in opposition to the many imitative methods of man. One example will make this clear. Man fixes nitrogen by means of a gigantic arc light in a chimney through which a current of hot air is blown. The flaming disk has a diameter of seven feet and reaches a temperature in the neighborhood of $6,300^{\circ}$ F. The product dissolved in water gives us nitric acid. In another method air is cooled to -194° C., the nitrogen boiled off, mixed with hydrogen in the proportion of 1 to 3, heated to a temperature of $1,300^{\circ}$ C., and then passed over finely divided uranium. There results ammonia. Thus, in synthetic processes great variations in temperatures and huge, complicated, expensive apparatus are used.

When the bacterial cell fixes nitrogen there is also a real conflagration in which plant residues act as the fuel and the bacterial body the furnace. But how different are the two! The living cell is 90 per cent water, and weighs only one hundredth million of a milligram. It works in the dark, damp, warm soil and generates little

heat and no light. It produces not simple nitric acid and ammonia but the highly complex proteins.

This living cell is an engine which not only does its work, but it repairs its own worn out parts. It works by means of enzymes. The reactions of each is accurately timed to meet the reactions of all the others and to meet the requirements of the living cell. Old protoplasm is torn out, new is made to take its place. The carbohydrates and fats are systematized, fragmented so the energy is nicely liberated to meet the needs of the living organism. However, when the master of ceremonies, life, departs each works independent of the others. They pull and they tear until they destroy their very home. It is as if they are vying with each to see which can do the most damage. A study of the reactions which go on in the living cell begets in the mind of a man a reverence akin to worship, and we can readily understand how Dr. Hodges of Princeton could have said in all solemnity, just before the performing of an experiment, "Boys, remove your hats. I am going to ask God a question."

Utah Agricultural College, Logan

Seasons Four

Birds sing, trees put forth tender leaves, flower buds swell.

Little children gather dandelion gold from the green sward.

Love searches Love's eyes—Life is full of promise,

It is Spring.

Birds twitter from leafy trees, flowers hang their heads, the air is hot.

Little children stretch in the shade of vine-covered bowers.

Love laughs in Love's eyes—Life is doubly sweet,

It is Summer.

Birds seek the south, leaves turn to crimson, flower petals scatter.

Little children run in the nippy frost of the morning.

Love smiles into Love's eyes—Life is fleeting.

It is Autumn.

Birds have flown, boughs are bare, the world is clothed in white.

Little children gather round the blazing hearth.

Love drinks deeply from Love's eyes—Life's memories are sweet,

It is Winter.

San Diego, California.

DOROTHY C. RETSLOFF.

THE HERITAGE AND PROMISE

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS

Author of "One Hundred Years of Mormonism"

Part II

V

Contrary to a popular notion that "Mormonism" fosters ignorance, the Latter-day Saints have always laid great stress on the cultivation of the mind. Not only have the "Mormons" developed a theory of education, but they have been zealous to apply this theory in their practice with a consistency that one would hardly expect under the circumstances.

Democracy, we have said, demands self-restraint. It also demands intelligence. Self-restraint in government, as in everything else, requires that one knows where one is going, and the way there. No ignorant community can exercise the necessary self-restraint to uphold a democracy. The only form of government fit for such a community is the monarchical, where they are directed from without, like children who have not yet learned to use their freedom. Ignorance leads to license; intelligence, to liberty. "The law is for the transgressor." Ignorance, moreover, acts under the law, not above it. The more enlightened a community, the less of external control, because its actions are guided by an inner power. In the jungles the club is supreme, among the early American natives, the bow and arrow. In civilized communities there is a higher law invoked—live and let live. But in the highest democracy, the rule of life would be the Golden Rule. And this is the product of the highest intelligence in the universe.

Not alone in civil government is knowledge necessary, but in all phases of thought and life. The old saying has it that "knowledge is power." There is not so much difference in looks between the ape and man as in mind. It is mind that has produced our complex civilization—the street-car, the railway-coach, the automobile, and the ocean-liner; the telegraph; the telephone, and the radio; newspapers, magazines, and books; houses, theatres, and churches; science, philosophy, and the arts. Strip man of the fruits of the understanding and he sinks forthwith into the cave man and the bush-ranger. With these he ascends to study the stars, to paint the lilly, to count molecules, to annihilate time and space, to penetrate the earth, to lengthen the span of life, and to do a thousand things too tedious to enumerate here.

"In the world," says a Scottish philosopher, Sir William Hamilton, "there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind."

It is scarcely possible to emphasize more than do the Latter-day Saints the necessity of education in the best sense.

Says an oft-quoted saying of Joseph Smith, "The glory of God is intelligence." Intelligence, with the "Mormons," is made a condition of salvation in God's kingdom. "It is impossible," says the Prophet, "for a man to be saved in ignorance," or, to put the same thought positively, "a man is saved no faster than he gains intelligence." Knowledge is cumulative in the long span of the spirit's life, just as it is in this life. For "whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection; and if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the word to come."

The truth is, that the Saints hold up God as the great prototype in intelligence as in character for man's emulation. He is the pattern after whom men are to shape their intellectual as their moral character. God is God, ultimately, because of his superior intelligence. If there be two spirits, one is more intelligent than the other. But a third is more intelligent than these two—and so on indefinitely, till we come to God, who is more intelligent than all. This is the doctrine of "Mormonism." Being of the essence of God—for all men are begotten of him in the pre-existence spirit-life—men may in time attain to the intelligence that God now has. This is the daring philosophy of the Saints, and has been almost from the beginning. Here, surely, is incentive for the reaching mind of the most ambitious.

Joseph Smith was admonished in one of the revelations to him to seek instruction "in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand; of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, and things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of nations, and the judgments which are on the land, and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms." In another he was enjoined "to obtain knowledge of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man," for "the salvation of Zion." And in still another he was directed to "seek out of the best books words of wisdom" and to "seek learning even by study, and also by faith."

In pursuance of this ideal the Saints have always been solicitous about the education of themselves and their children, even under conditions that would seem to warrant a temporary shelving of ideals.

Among the institutions established at Kirtland, Ohio, was a "high school," which was held in the temple. In Missouri there was a "school for the prophets," which was attended by men and to which at least some of its pupils had to walk barefoot. Schools for

children existed in Nauvoo, and a university there was contemplated. Even in the temporary settlements of Iowa the education of the youth was never neglected. In Utah schools were among the first concerns of the "Mormon" people. In order that there might be the necessary equipment for schools here President Young urged the Saints on the Missouri river to secure "at least a copy of every valuable treatise on education—every book, map, chart, or diagram that may contain interesting, useful and attractive matter, to gain the attention of children, and cause them to love to learn to read; and also every historical, mathematical, philosophical, geographical, geological, astronomical, scientific, practical, and all other variety of useful interesting writings, maps, etc." Although the first school in Utah was held in a wigwam, in 1847, still the people had their eye on larger things educationally. For, while the inhabitants of the Salt Lake valley were living chiefly on sego-roots, thistle-tops, and rawhides, the provisional government of the State of Deseret was busy working on a legislative act creating a university.

Ever since Brigham Young's time at least the "Mormon" ideal of an educated man is that he be trained physically, mentally and spiritually, that he have a good head, a skilled hand, and a guiding heart. In the early Utah schools the Bible was one of the text books.

In the institutions that President Young founded—the Brigham Young Academy, now the Brigham Young University, and the Brigham Young College—provision was made for this three-fold education. American educational institutions have all down the years emphasized only the mental. Lately industrial subjects have been almost universally introduced into the schools. But there has been no religious instruction given in any but private institutions of learning. The result is shown in the efforts made by leading educators to bridge over this gap in education. For it is being seen more and more clearly that not only the head and the hand require training, but also the heart, the spiritual nature. Although the "Mormon" practice in education lags behind this excellent plan, as one might expect who was acquainted with its troubled history, still the Saints are making such headway in the direction of all-round development in their youth through educational institutions as is already attracting attention. Their Religion Class organization promises to solve the vexing question of how the American boy and girl are to receive religious instruction in connection with "a Godless public school system."

This constant stressing of education has already produced its effects, and will continue to do so increasingly. The general level of intelligence in "Mormon" communities, it is safe to say, is distinctly higher than in similar communities of non-"Mormon" elsewhere in the United States. No other community of the same size can produce so many persons in various walks of life that are so well read, that have traveled so much, or that can think and speak on their feet as

readily. And we are easily within the truth when we say this, and not be socially egotistical either. It is because of the teachings of "Mormonism" and its unlimited openings for leadership that this is the case.

VI

What sort of family life do the Latter-day Saints believe in and cultivate? In what regard do they hold woman? What is their conception of marriage? How do they view divorce? Is the influence of the home such as to contribute to the making of good citizens, good men and women?

Western civilization rests on four corner stones—private property, the state, the church, and the family. Of these by far the most important, not alone in time but in value, is the family. Destroy the other three, and they could be re-established; destroy the home, and there is nothing left. The state exists largely to protect the rights of property and the family; the church exists for the individual members of the family; the home therefore becomes the ultimate social unit. The survival of a society depends upon its views of the family life.

In our present society at least, according to Professor Ellwood, "the primary function of the family is continuing the life of the species; that is, the primary function of the family is reproduction in the sense of the birth and the rearing of children. The stream of life must flow through the family. If the family performed no other function than this of producing the new individuals of society and furnishing them care and nourishment until maturity is reached, it would still be the most important of all human institutions. From the sociological point of view the childless family must be judged a failure."

"Family life at the beginning of the twentieth century," says the same authority, was "in a more unstable condition than it has been at any time since the beginning of the Christian Era." Out of this instability of the family springs the modern problem of the home. In the United States today every twelfth marriage ends in divorce. "The United States," Professor Towne tells us, "has a higher divorce rate than any foreign country except Japan. It is about three times that of France, five times that of Germany, ten times that of Norway and Sweden, and about thirty times that of Great Britain and Ireland." Nor are the signs favorable. "If divorces should continue to increase as they have during the past forty years," says Professor Ellwood, "it is evident that it would not be long before all marriages would be terminated by divorce instead of by death." One of the causes of the decay of the family life, which is itself the cause of divorce, is the decline of the spirit of religion in the American home. So Professor Ellwood believes.

Any religion therefore whose teachings tend to the stability of the family life is laying for its adherents a sure foundation for permanence, in its individual and group life.

Woman, in the view of the "Mormons," is the equal companion of man. They accept literally, and often quote, the statement of Paul, "Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord." They do not however accept his statement that "women should keep silence in the churches," for their women often preach from the same pulpit as the men. The only thing denied them is the Priesthood, but even this the wife shares in a manner with her husband. "Mormon" women were the first in the United States to be granted political suffrage. In the Church women have always had equal votes with men. "Mormon" theology advances the daring conception of a Mother in heaven. If a heavenly Father, why not a heavenly Mother, too? As a result of these views, the women of "Mormondom" are at least as intelligent and free as women anywhere else in the world.

Marriage, while not a sacrament with Latter-day Saints as with the Roman Catholics, is a religious as well as a social obligation. They take no stock in the individualistic notion of wedlock. While companionship between husband and wife is as dear to them as to others, still they are inclined to think with the sociologist that the primary purpose of marriage is the birth and the rearing of children, and to this end have organized their family life. This earth was created for the myraid spirits, male and female, in heaven. It is their permanent home. Having progressed in the spirit-state as far as they could without bodies, they now come to earth to take up "tabernacles of flesh and blood." Marriage is the means adopted through which these spirits are to receive bodies. So the "Mormon" people have always advocated early marriage and large families. Not being married is not to fulfil "the measure of one's creation." And not to have children, if this fact is due to voluntary acts, is fraught with grave consequences. The whole push of "Mormonism" is therefore in the direction of permanent family life.

Moreover, by every means available the Latter-day Saints endeavor to surround marriage with the atmosphere of sanctity. The ceremony itself, when performed in accordance with "Mormon" ideals, takes place in the temple, the most sacred place known to a "Mormon." It is a house set apart for only the most sacred ordinances for the living and the dead. To it the general public, even the "Mormon" public, is refused admittance. Only members of the Church in good standing are supposed to cross its portals. When therefore a couple are united in wedlock in this sacred building, the rite is more deeply impressed on their minds than it would be possible if performed anywhere else. This impression is deepened by the attire of both parties

to the contract, which is worn only on such occasions as this. In addition, all those who are thus married believe devoutly that they are man and wife not only for this life but for "all eternity" and that such children as may be born to them "under this covenant" will be theirs after, as before, death. Hence every circumstance of a real "Mormon" marriage tends to fix the minds of its participants in the direction of a permanent social contract, instead of a matter of individual convenience. And that this is the actual effect of the ceremony is attested by the low rate of divorce in such temple marriages—not one in eight, as in the United States generally, nor one in every two, as in some States, but one in every five hundred.

Similarly the Latter-day Saints throw about the family life generally the safe-guards of religion. The average "Mormon" home is a religious home. The Bible has a conspicuous place there—and is read, too. No community in America can expound the Scriptures to better advantage than the Saints. Every day opens and closes with family prayer, in which all the members of the family that can do so take their "turn." Also every meal is blessed before it is eaten. Not only so, but all members of the household attend some form of worship—the Sunday School of a Sabbath morning or the "meeting" of an afternoon or evening. Most families, too, hold what is known as "home night," at which, besides prayer and singing of hymns and Bible reading, there may be a program of individual exercises and light refreshments—which cement the home ties. "Mormons" generally make much of "family gatherings," even after its members have married off and the head of the household has departed this life. In a good "Mormon" home therefore may be found a wholesome atmosphere, one that makes for good citizenship and good manhood and womanhood.

An idea that is unique with the Latter-day Saints is that the family ties will continue throughout the next world. Their funerals, by reason of a fulness of hope rather than of a lack of love, are not the tragic affairs that they often are in other Christian communities. Many a mother in the Church, whose infant has been snatched from here bosom by the hand of death, has taken comfort from the teaching of Joseph Smith that she shall have it again "in the resurrection." No good "Mormon" has any lingering doubt that he will meet his loved ones on the other shore—any more, in fact, than he has that, if he but sleep tonight, he will rise in the morning to greet his relatives and friends. Indeed, this constant looking beyond death is to him an upholding thought. The Prophet Joseph declared that he saw in vision "men, before they ascended from the tomb, as though they were getting up slowly. They took each other by the hand and said, 'My father, my mother, my son, my daughter, my brother, my sister!'" The first thought he would have in the resurrection, he said, would be for his parents, his family, and his kinsfolk. And this

sentiment finds a ready echo in the hearts of his followers. Death has no terrors for the Saints. The late President Woodruff was wont to say that so desirable is the next world, we would hasten our departure thither by our own hand, if the act did not deprive us of its joys. And Parley P. Pratt, a close companion of the Prophet, assures us that all the holy affections of the human soul here will not only continue there but be magnified a thousand-fold. All this is but a commonplace reality to the man and the woman in whose bones "Mormonism" has been truly bred.

(To be continued)

The Silent Battle

The greatest battle that ever was fought!

Shall I tell you how and where?

You may search a lot, yet find it not;

Still, it wages everywhere.

This greatest battle is silently

Fought by the will of man,

Against temptation continuously;

Covering all life's span.

A man becomes enthralled by sin,

Then later sees the light;

With determined grin, his powers within.

Are marshaled for the fight.

It takes real grit to fight alone,

As the unseeing world goes by;

But he does not moan, as he tries to atone.

The wrongs that will not die.

We shout our praise to the hero brave.

Who wears the victor's crown;

But the erstwhile slave, as gloriously gave,

As he fought bad habits down.

It took real work to lay them flat,

Then keep them on the shelf;

I doff my hat to a man like that,

For he has conquered self.

Sigurd, Utah.

IRVIN L. WARNOCK.

THE ROOT, THE TREE, THE FRUIT

The General Boards of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., in full force, held a Jubilee-Year social, reception, banquet, program and dance, on the evening of March 18, 1925, in the Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City. Following the delightful reception and banquet and welcome speeches by Supt. Geo. Albert Smith, and Prest. Martha H. Tingey, the program was carried out, and one of its main features was toasts on the growth of the M. I. A. under the title, "The Root, the Tree, the Fruit." Axel A. Madsen, of the General Board acted as toastmaster. After these had been given, President Heber J. Grant made some pleasing remarks concerning the growth of the organizations. There were, besides, three episodes under the title, "Out of the Past: a. The Retrenchment Association. b. The Organization of the Y. M. M. I. A. c. Cooperation in Joint Work." The evening closed with dancing.

The readers of the *Era* will be interested in scanning the following replies to the toasts; first, the "Root" by Junius F. Wells, the organizer under President Brigham Young, of the Y. M. M. I. A., on the 10th of June, 1875, in the Thirteenth ward meeting house, Salt Lake City; second, the "Tree" by Mrs. Martha G. Smith, member of the General Board; and third, the "Fruit" by George Q. Morris of the General Board.—*Editors.*

The Root

BY JUNIUS F. WELLS, ORGANIZER OF THE Y. M. M. I. A., UNDER THE COMMISSION OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

Ever since the day in which Father Adam died, his children have been eating of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, which brought death into the world, killing him; and throughout this mortal life is killing us. His hope of reanimation and yours and mine is in the Testimony of Jesus Christ. This is the Root of the Tree of Life everlasting.

A sower went out to sow his seed, and, as he sowed, some fell upon the wayside and was trodden down; some fell upon the rocks and withered away, because it lacked moisture; some fell among thorns that choked it. And other seed fell on good ground, and sprang up, and bare fruit, an hundred fold.

Now the parable is this: The seed is the Word of God:

"In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. * * * In him was life; and the life was the light of men." (John 1:1, 2, 4.)

"And some fell on good ground, and bare fruit an hundred fold." It had taken root. The first product of seed sown is the root. Sown on good ground it takes root downward deeply, and its branches and root-lets spread all about it widely, and ultimately it bears fruit upwards.

Sometimes, even in good ground, only forty-fold, sometimes sixty-fold and again an hundred fold. To insure the greater yield, the wise husbandman looks early to the crown of the root—from the very hour of its appearance above the surface of the ground. And so he stirs the good soil about it gently and mulches it with care and waters it abundantly. Then he has joy in his labor, for he begins to see the stem of the tree that he has planted coming up sturdy and strong, branching vigorously, leafing out luxuriantly, blossoming gloriously, yielding fruit an hundred fold.

But if he neglect the root, and does not stir the good soil, does not mulch about the crown with care, to protect it from the frost or the burning heat of the sun and does not water it, then the root dries in the round, its farthest rootlets wither, its branches shrink up, and its stem dies. The like affliction is witnessed above the ground—at the top of the tree the little branches begin to shrivel up, the sere and yellowing leaves fall to the ground, the bark of the denuded boughs cracks open, exposing the dry wood of a dying stem doomed, by the neglect of the husbandman, to death and decay.

I do not say the wood of a dead tree is wholly useless. It may be cut down and some of it fashioned into shapes of utility and beauty—some will make good kindlings and fire-wood. The wise and patient Job says:

“For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

“Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant.”

Brethren and sisters—we are the sowers—the good ground is the youth of Israel—our field is in this good ground. The Master has called us to labor there and has given us the seed to sow—even the Word of God. The first product of this seed sown in good ground—the Root is the testimony of Jesus Christ, that he lives and is the light of the world; made known to us by the gift of the Holy Ghost. From the day of its bestowal by the blessings of the Priesthood it should begin to develop a sense of responsibility; and by the exercise of it a familiarity with its characteristic intelligence, and loveliness, increasingly helpful and delightful as it unfolds its presence to our consciousness. Then at length it becomes the established principle of revelation within us, by which we know the mind and will of God who gave it concerning ourselves as individuals, and concerning others in our authoritative relationship to them. We must nurture and cultivate this gift with zealous care. Nothing else is of so much importance—nothing that we can do compares with it. We are appointed to this labor and God will not hold us guiltless if we neglect it. We are supplied with the implements—the authority of the Priesthood—the ordinances of the gospel, with the exercises and activities enjoined thereby in the Church.

I would not reflect disparagingly upon our activities in the field; nor upon the curriculum of studies so skilfully developed in our manuals; nor upon the splendid efforts we are making to lure our members to a better class of entertainments, than the dancing and the social games, pastimes and sports of the world, which the world in our midst provide so temptingly and so dangerously. I only mean that these do not provide our only recourse, nor, I think, our chief recourse, against the evils they are intended to thwart.

It seems to me that our relationship to the young men and women of Zion is akin to that of the Apostle Paul to the young man Timothy. At least that we can with propriety apply the adjurations of that apostle to his favorite son and disciple:

“Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of

man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." 2 Peter 1:20, 21.

Jesus says, search the scriptures, for they are they which testify of me.
* * * The Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.

Let me quote some of these:

"Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." (1 Tim. 4:12.)

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery." (1 Tim. 4:14.)

"Stir up the gift of God, which is in thee. * * * For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." (1 Tim. 1:6, 7.)

"Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord." (2 Tim. 1:8.)

For the Lord hath said: "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Prov. 8:17.

I feel sure, my brothers and sisters, that this is the Root we should develop and cultivate, if we would have our field one of strong and sturdy trees that blossom in their season and bear fruit an hundred fold.

Let us then begin forthwith to prepare the ground; roll off the rocks, grub out the sagebrush and, ladies, permit me to suggest that you might find it helpful to gently top off some of the empty-headed sunflowers and smudge the thistledown—which are beautiful to look at but pernicious when the frivolous breezes of the summer time shake their unfruitful substance to the ground, polluting the pure seed we are trying to propagate there. Let us send out our notices, advertise our intentions to celebrate our Jubilee jubilantly; call the youth of Zion to attention by the clarion voice of all the authority here present; then, at our conference in June, sow the seed, broadcast it abundantly on this good ground that it may take root downwards—and for the rest of the year cultivate, nourish, develop the Root with vigilance and great care.

We shall be disappointed then, indeed, if we do not get many, very many of our members on their feet bearing testimony, with delight in the exercise of the gift of God that is within them.

We wish to get every member of the Y. M. M. I. A. and of the Y. L. M. I. A. also, down on their knees praying to know it, and up on their feet testifying that "Mormonism" is in fact the Church of Jesus Christ and the Kingdom of God on earth. We can hope to do this by taking the double course mentioned by President Brigham Young when he said: "As many people have obtained a testimony while on their feet bearing it, as down on their knees praying for it."

Shall we not all rejoice exceedingly if we get our hundred thousand members up, witnesses of the priceless gift bestowed upon them? This I believe should be the object of our particular care this year, even if we curtail our less important exercises.

Succeeding in it we all shall inevitably increase our members next year, and should aspire with confidence to double their number in ten years and raise it to half a million at our hundredth anniversary.

I hope I have not over wearied you in my prosy discourse upon the Root of this wonderful tree. In describing the growth of its branches, with its singing birds and colorful blossoms and the taste of its delectable fruit, those who follow after me will recompense your patience. I now yield, grateful to you for your attention and thankful to them for the treat that is coming.

The Tree

BY MARTHA G. SMITH, OF THE GENERAL BOARD Y. L. M. I. A.

President Brigham Young besides being a great pioneer-leader and Prophet was a great planter. It is said of him that one of the first deeds he performed at the temporary resting place at Council Bluffs—now Florence, Nebraska—was to plant trees, and a huge black willow with twelve large branches typifying the twelve apostles, then at the head of the Church, stands today in the meadow at Florence.

It is also said that when the pioneers entered the Great Salt Lake Valley there were no trees in it, so, of course, the process of planting trees was in order and the valley today is a veritable park of trees; ranging in variety from the native cottonwood and boxelder to the honey-locust and Norway pine.

At a very early date, aided by divine guidance, President Young planted the "Mutual Improvement Tree."

After fifty years of active growth and, nurtured from well-formed roots, the M. I. A. Tree is beautiful to look upon. There may be those who prefer to say two trees occupy space in the "King's Great Garden" perhaps separated by the great highway of life—one for the Young Men, the other for the Young Ladies, but I prefer to see it as one "great tree" whose symmetric trunk is bound by the bark of truth and usefulness, bearing two huge and lofty branches—one equally as strong as the other,—which divide and sub-divide into many parts and branches, all of which go to make up the complete tree. The Young Men's and The Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations.

In fact, the M. I. A. Tree is much like the Tree of "Joseph".—"It is a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall"—for they reach out to nearly one hundred stakes of Zion, and to upwards of a thousand wards, and all the many missions now in the world, even to the nations abroad, and to the islands of the sea.

In the spring time the sap runs up and carries new life to all the parts and keeps the whole tree alive. The two great channels through which the sap flows are the *Era* and the *Journal*, each under the direction of a General Board who prune and care for the tree from month to month through all the year.

The Y. M. M. I. A. is organized with a General Board now of forty-three members, selected and chosen, many of them from the leading authorities of the Church for their special adaptability to the work, presided over by a General Superintendency of three of the twelve apostles. The members of the board are assigned to one or more of the following committees:

1. *Committee on Administration*—Headed by the General Superintendency, dealing with the general management of M. I. A. work throughout the Church.
2. *Committee on Organization and Membership*—Who plan to keep organizations alive and well officered, and every boy and girl of mutual age enrolled.
3. *Committee on Finance and Publication*—Who create plans that will secure funds to carry on the work of the General Board, and to care for its publicity programs.
4. *Junior Department Committee*—Who plan for class study, manuals for all boys from twelve to seventeen years, including "Boy Scouts" and their programs.
5. *Senior Department Committee*—Who plan for the M men, boys from seventeen to twenty-three, their manuals, class work, and general activities, including an active athletic program, basketball, baseball, debating and dancing, and also music and the drama.
6. *Advanced Senior Department*—(Joint Committee)—Who plan class work

and manuals for the large group of married people, and all above the age of twenty-three years in all the Church.

7. *Recreation (Joint Committee)*—Who plan and supervise special and recreational activities of all the members of the Church.

8. *M. I. A. Standards*—(*Joint Committee*)—Who select the reading course, the yearly "slogans" and programs for all joint meetings held the first Sunday of each month in all the Wards throughout the Church.

And similarly, the Y. L. M. I. A. is organized with a Presidency of three women divinely chosen, equally qualified, gifted and blessed, and a General Board of thirty-five members, organized into nine like committees to care for the Bee Hive Girls of fourteen and fifteen years of age; Junior Girls sixteen and seventeen years of age, and an organization of Gleaners who parallel the M Men.

In the spring time of the organization, tender "'buds" shoot forth from the branches.

And as time advances into the brightness of the good old summer time each infant bud develops and grows into a well-formed and useful committee or department of Mutual work, likened unto well-formed leaves which unite and flutter together in the great Mutual cause to give beauty to the tree and lend "shade" and "shelter" to the young people of Zion as they so-journ through the "Garden of Eden."

Many of the terminal buds, as they tip and crown the larger of the many branches, have burst into well formed "Slogans," full of M. I. A. fragrance, which cheer, comfort, and guide the hosts who gather in the Garden from year to year.

As the summer advances "trusty agents" in the personnel of our "Executive Director" and field secretaries go out into the King's Great Garden and work unitedly and unceasingly against the day of falling leaves.

And as the time comes and goes the great procession of Boy Scouts, Bee-Hive Girls, Juniors, M Men and Gleaners throng the king's great garden preparing for the great day of the harvest.

The Fruit

BY GEORGE Q. MORRIS

Mr. Toastmaster: President Grant; Fellow Workers: After this introduction from the toastmaster, setting forth my reputation for seriousness and safeness, may I be permitted a moment of levity. I wish to emphasize the ideal character of the young men and young women whom we are anxious to see go forth, as a result of this Mutual Improvement work. And, since the toastmaster has already broken into verse, it may be fitting for me to read you two poems. I must not forget to remind you, however, that the emphasis I refer to is one of contrast. A very mean man wrote this one:

(*Oh, shades of "The Barefoot Boy"*)

Blessings on thee, little girl,
Bare-kneed miss, with brain awhirl—
With thy rolled-down shadow hose,—
Where the deuce are all thy clothes?
And thy red mouth—such a sight—
Smeard with lip-stick day and night;
With thy powder and thy paint,
Cobweb blouse that almost ain't!
To the heart, dear, you give pains!
Hasn't Mother any brains?

And a very nice lady wrote this:

Blessings on thee mimic man,
 With thy cheeks so shy of tan;
 With thy hair all smeared with oil,
 Fists that never have known toil;
 With a "fag" between thy teeth,
 And a weak chin underneath;
 With thy hands all manicured,
 And a brain that's immatured.
 We poor women you make sick!
 Hasn't father any kick?

I was not just clear as to my assignment to this toast by the committee. I rather got the understanding that this was to be a serious, short, toast—given in a humorous vein. Then it occurred to me that the committee had already supplied the very soul of humor for the toast in fixing its brevity—it was to be not over five minutes.

"A very fruitful tree which is planted in a goodly land, by a pure stream, that yieldeth much precious fruit." This splendid tree was planted fifty years ago. Its roots have struck deep into the soil of truth. It has been watered by the pure stream of the spirit, and hath yielded much precious fruit—the knowledge of God!

In the aggregate, what a tremendous amount of good this precious fruit has done, as it has gone into the lives of the many thousands of young men and women who have partaken of it during these fifty years! How much good has come from it into their homes, and into the world! How precious this fruit—the knowledge of God, would be for the whole world, if they but could or would partake of it. How many broken homes would be restored to happiness! How many married and unhappy lives would be brightened, and how many of the nations of the world would be healed, if they would partake of this fruit—the knowledge of God!

The young men and women who have gone out from this great organization have carried this fruit to the world and have offered it to them, that they also might partake, but a very few have accepted, and the world at large seems to reject this offering at the hands of our young men and women.

But, there is one message they must listen to. There is one way we can force them to take notice. That is, by the lives of young men and young women who have and will partake of this fruit.

Behind the message and teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ there was that which gave them force and effect—His life.

Behind the message and teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith there was that which gave them force and effect—his life.

And so with one hundred thousand young men and women who represent the membership of the Mutual Improvement Associations today, who, in the not very distant future may be increased to two hundred thousand, to three hundred thousand—as they and their children partake of the fruit—the knowledge of God, and live the truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ, they will form a spectacle that the world must pay attention to; that the world must come to see; and that the world must send its writers to write about! For those lives will give force and effect to the message that this people have to give to the world.

May our young men and women be true to their obligations and their heritage. May they realize that they are the salt of the earth, and that if the salt shall have lost its savor wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. And may they, however great their achievements in winning the honors of the world—may they, through all, and above all, preserve that quality which is theirs because they have a knowledge of God and possess his Spirit and power. May they live lives so true that the world may be led to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God.

THE WHITE CLOUDS

BY SAMUEL FLETCHER

Clouds of gray, of crimson, of black, of white, Harry knew them all. In fact, he was something of a connoisseur of clouds. In his mind was a black cloud, with possibly a silver lining. Over his head drifted the white clouds of springtime. From his fingers trailed a gray cloud of cigarette smoke.

Singly, by twos, by groups, the people were returning from church. It had been months since Harry had attended any kind of religious service. Places of worship no longer seemed attractive; for since he had begun to smoke, religion had been steadily degenerating. It seemed that his senses had become keener, for he could now see flaws and discrepancies where but a few months previous he could see only the perfect order of God. Why didn't these people open their eyes? How could they help but see the glaring absurdities that were thrown in their faces?

He scrutinized them as they passed along the walk. Most of them seemed intelligent enough.

There was Mr. Howe, the banker, and John Wilson, a leading merchant. Both were shrewd and exact in business. But evidently they accepted their religion as it was handed out to them from the rostrum.

Even Ora—he saw her coming along the walk—she, too, “swallowed” it all. She was a school teacher, home on a week-end visit. She smiled to him as she approached.

He threw away his cigarette butt and strolled down the path to join her.

“The gallant gentleman begs to be allowed to see the fair damsel to her home,” he greeted.

“It seems,” she smiled, “that the gallant gentleman doesn't venture far from the shade of his apple trees, or perhaps, at this time of the year I should say the sunshine of his own back porch.”

“Truly an unfair judgment since I didn't know you were home,” he replied as they walked on together.

“You seem to have wandered into the byways,” said Ora. “I haven't seen you at meeting for ever so long. Surely you're not deserting to the foe?”

“Oh no. Not really deserting. Just watching the fight from the hilltop. You see there one gets a much better view. But, seriously, I have lost interest in the Church. I've found that religion won't stand careful inspection.”

They walked on in silence for some time. He watched her through the corner of his eye and envied the sunshine and wind that were kissing her hair. His hand went unconsciously to his pocket and brought out a cigarette. He felt awkward when he

noticed it, for he had not intended to smoke in Ora's presence. "With your permission," he mumbled as he put the cigarette to his lips and began to search his pockets for a match.

Ora nodded. "It seems to me," she said after a pause, "that one should be unable to see clearly enough through a haze of tobacco smoke to judge correctly."

"Oh, much to the contrary," he answered glibly.

As they stopped before the gate of Ora's home, Harry gave her hand a squeeze.

"Only another month, he said significantly. Then after a pause he added, "You don't seem very enthusiastic."

"I was just wondering," she said, "if the black cloud of unbelief in your mind and the smoke from your cigarettes would smother your love for me as it has for the gospel."

"Oh, no. Hardly that bad," he laughed uneasily.

"I don't know. You promised when I was home before that you would give them up. What if I should keep my promises to you in the same manner. Why should you expect me to keep them?"

He felt he could give no adequate answer. His mind seemed slow and numb. The cigarettes were failing him when he needed them most—just when he wished to appear his best.

"Sorry I can't ask you in," Ora said abruptly, "but I must get ready to go back to my flock of kiddies. School in the morning, you know."

She hurried into the house leaving Harry to stare stupidly after her. Why had she left him like this? he wondered. Did she really have to spend all afternoon getting ready to leave or was she disgusted with him? Had she meant what she said about breaking her promise?

He turned and walked slowly toward the outskirts of the town. He still held the cigarette butt between his fingers. He held it up and looked at it as though he had just seen it for the first time. What a silly-looking thing it was for a grown man to be carrying around! A little poison wrapped in a little piece of paper for a budding god to suck to keep up his courage! A toy that he might make little gray clouds of smoke! And yet he, who needed a "pacifier" the same as a baby, had set himself up to judge the way of God.

He threw the cigarette butt down and ground it into the soil with his heel. Then he climbed a fence and wandered out through the fields.

Ora was right. He had been looking on life through a haze of tobacco smoke, while a black cloud of doubt gathered in his mind. He had accumulated a lot of snap-judgments and in his stupidity had imagined them to be weighty facts.

Abruptly he stopped. He seated himself on a ditchbank and took from his pocket his package of cigarettes. He arranged them slowly and carefully into a little pyramid and applied a lighted match

With a glow of triumph he watched the gray smoke writhe about like a wounded snake in the agonies of death. Slowly it grew thinner and weaker until nothing was left but a little mound of gray ashes.

Then Harry knew that the black cloud in his mind had a silver lining. He turned his face toward the white clouds of springtime and asked God for strength. And he knew his prayer would be answered.

Preston, Idaho

The M. I. A. Slogan

Honor thy father and mother,
 Israel's children were told
 When the Lord spoke unto Moses,
 From the mount in days of old.
 Ever give love and reverence
 To those who gave thee birth,
 Then will the Lord reward thee
 And lengthen thy days on earth.

Honor thy father and mother,
 Make it your motto each day;
 It is the Lord's commandment,
 One that we must obey.
 Unto your parents ever
 Go in your time of need.

Twin Falls, Idaho.

To their advice and counsel
 Listen and always heed.

Honor thy father and mother,
 Go to them now and say:
 Father, Mother, I owe you
 More than I ever can pay.
 Honor and love I'll give you
 All my days shall be spent
 In the endeavor to bring you
 Happiness and content."

Honor thy father and mother,
 Thy parents who gave thee birth,
 Then shall thy days of living
 Be lengthened upon the earth.

S. A. PURRINGTON.

We Want, We Long to do the Right

We want the right, oh, Father dear,
 Be worthy of thy Father love;
 We come with humble hearts sincere,
 Hear thou our pleadings from above,
 Guide us away from tempting snares;
 And, Father, hear our suppliant prayers;
 Keep us by day, and hold by night;
 We want, we long to do the right.

We thank thee for thy love divine,
 For teachings brought us, old and new,
 For beauties found in field, on hill,
 Grant thou our acts shall prove us true.
 Though thoughtless oft, we try to live
 Conforming to the laws you give.
 We strive to serve with all our might;
 We want, we long to do the right.

Deweyville, Utah.

M. DEWEY.

REUNITED

A True Story

BY MRS. ALICE MORRILL

James Briant sat in his palatial office on M Street in the rich mining center of B. There was a pause in his work, as he waited for the other members of the firm to enter, when together they would go over the business of the corporation and thus form an estimate of what he believed would be their mammoth assets. Mr. B's mind had long been running in one groove—that of making money earn money. For years he had bent all his energies in that direction.

As Mr. Briant sat there in his office this afternoon, the factors which had been dominant in his rise to wealth passed before his mind in ever changing juxtaposition, like the figures in a kaleidoscope. It was almost like a dream and yet there was one thought, clear and plain, which was that had he remained in Utah, wealth would have eluded him.

In "The Valleys" he was just a common farmer drudging away on sixty acres of land, paying one tenth of his meager income into the Church treasury, making donations now and then from the residue and devoting time, besides, to Church duties. No, he would never have accrued wealth had he remained a "Mormon."

James Briant thanked his lucky stars that his eyes had been opened in time to save his children, Hugh and Hazel, from growing up in poverty—for, of course, had "the break" between himself and his Church never occurred, Hugh would have inherited the farm with all its attendant hard work and meager remuneration, while Hazel would have been a common country girl and grown up to be a typical "Mormon" woman.

The partners entered soon and their findings of the next few hours verified Mr. Briant's conclusion that he was indeed a rich man—rich in stocks and bonds and silver and gold. The struggle of years along the upward climb of material things had reached its goal, but, if the truth be told, there was still something lacking in the resultant victory. But as Mr. Briant rode home that evening in his shining limousine, he would not have acknowledged to any one that there was any shadow of disappointment in what the years of his strenuous effort had brought him.

Sometimes, in the lives of mortals, time passes by, bringing few changes, but with Mr. Briant and his family, this was not the case. Swiftly he had climbed to the pinnacle of wealth and swiftly he was to be hurled down and then, before he had even found his bearings in his changed situation, fortune smiled on his almost frenzied

efforts and hope of retrieving his lost fortunes again pursued him only to pass him by and once more leave him stranded.

Added to these buffetings of fate, was the growing realization that Hugh, his only son, was growing to have ideals not in harmony with his father's ambitions, indeed he seemed to be losing faith in his father and was becoming silent and almost morose in his father's presence.

The dreams of companionship, man with man, the realization of which Mr. Briant had always looked forward to, had failed to materialize. Of late, the barrier between the two, father and son, had increased in density.

"I will stay with you, Father, until you are on your feet again, financially, and then I am going for myself."

That was all. There had been no open rupture.

* * * * *

The parting of the ways had come, now three years ago when Hugh was twenty-one. Since then father and son had not met.

Hazel was devoted to her father and had worked hard to support herself and help out with the family income while Mother labored beyond her strength at home-keeping for them all.

Occasionally a letter came from Hugh containing money but these were always sent through some other person's hands and in a round about way so that the whereabouts of the sender might not be known. Mr. Briant had saved this money received from his son, not using a penny, partly on account of independent pride and partly because he had lost faith in the materialistic side of human destiny and thought Hugh might some day need his savings himself.

However, there came a time when Mr. Briant weakened physically and could no longer pursue his daily work. Mrs. Briant was not strong enough to keep up with the necessary household tasks and give her husband the attention he needed and so Hazel had to come home and assist her mother.

"Thank heaven we have Hugh's money!" she remarked to her mother as she exchanged her office suit for a house-dress and proceeded to "set" the neglected house "to rights." "Yes, we shall need it," her mother rejoined and then added reassuringly, "But we will get along all right, Hazel."

The next evening Mrs. Briant came to Hazel with an anxious look on her face.

"Your father is so despondent, Hazel, I believe he is constantly thinking about Hugh."

"I wish Hugh would come back," Hazel replied thoughtfully, and then added with serious eyes, "I think his presence is the only thing that would help Father."

"Well, the Mother replied paradoxically, "I do, and I don't,

Hugh was unhappy here, and some way I feel as if he is all right where he is."

"Mother, do you know where Hugh is?" Hazel queried hungrily.

"No, Hazel, I do not and yet whenever I think of him a peaceful feeling pervades my soul. I cannot explain it nor even understand it myself, but it is true."

Evening after evening Mr. Briant sat propped up in his easy chair, or lay upon the couch before the fire in silence. It seemed as if his mind were miles away from his surroundings as indeed it was.

The past was passing before him as a far off face of a loved friend obtrudes itself, oftentimes, on almost dreamless sleep.

Mr. Briant was living again the years of his youth in far away Utah. He was contrasting the peace and quiet of his life back there, with the "blare and glitter and rush, with its maddened grasp for painted baubles," of the city he had lived in for fifteen years.

How trivial, now, appeared the little tangled situation which had assumed such big proportions in his mind back there, and finally set him adrift from his moorings.

"Oh Father," he secretly prayed, lead me back and teach me to walk in thy ways. Restore me to the path by which I may renew my covenants with thee." Such thoughts would take possession of his consciousness and give him hope and joy and then the sick man's mind would lose its grasp and something would seem to whisper, "It is too late. Your youth has gone. You have lost your opportunity."

Wife and daughter left no effort unmade to recall him from his seeming lethargy. Their gentle ministrations were constant and patient until at last the pent up feelings of his heart broke forth one evening as the three sat about the open grate in the little sitting room.

"Mother and Hazel," he broke out suddenly, "I cannot stand this any longer. I want to go back home—back to Utah. I have tried all these years to forget 'Mormonism,' but if I could be back tonight in the little gray chapel in L. ward listening to words of truth and love as they fell from the lips of dear old Bishop Peterson, I would give all that I ever owned of worldly goods, if I could receive administration and a blessing at the hands of those good men and faithful, my ward teachers of long ago, I would give the best years of my life."

Quietly, but with shining eyes Mrs. Briant arose from her place, and going over to her husband, knelt at his side and took in both her own his thin trembling hands, "James," she said with a look of happiness upon her face, "you cannot know how I have longed to hear the words you have just spoken. For years, in my heart I

have yearned to go back but I didn't dream that such a feeling would ever come to you."

Hazel stood listening in wonderment and then exclaimed passionately, "No, Mother, Father, let's not go to Utah, let's stay here until Hugh comes back. Oh, you don't know what this separation from my brother has meant to me."

With a sigh, Mr. Briant sank back in his chair. "Let us not talk more about it. I must lie down."

The outburst of long pent-up feelings was followed by a few moments of more than usual depression and Mr. Briant lay upon his couch without moving or speaking.

But the springs of feeling, so long held in check had to flow forth and later in the evening, he, himself re-introduced the subject so near his heart.

"Don't you remember, Mother, when we were children we used to go to the same Sunday school in our little home ward? Ah," he mused, "I remember the superintendent and some of the teachers as if I had seen them but yesterday, and the Mutual and Priesthood meeting officers, and all. I know, now, that the things they taught me have always remained in my mind as gems of truth, though my stubborn will has kept a barrier between those early days and our lives out here.

And then, after a few moments of rest, "What would I not give to see an Elder of the Church! I have not thought much about it before, but I am wondering if there aren't missionaries in this city. Oh, if I could but see one!"

Hazel listened with tense interest to her father's words. She had never heard her parents speak of these things before; they were all new to her, as she was only three years of age and Hugh was ten when their parents had come to B. to live. That night she lay awake long after she had retired for rest, thinking of what she had so recently learned of her parents' early life.

"Oh, if Hugh were only here," was the burden of her thoughts, "we could conspire some way to get them back to the life they had loved so long ago."

The next evening, Mr. Briant seemed to have relapsed into his former state of silent dejection. Once Mrs. Briant sought to arouse his interest by suggesting semi-casually, that perhaps they could yet go back home after he should get a little stronger but he petulantly bade her not to mention it again. "It is all in the past," he said. "There is no more use of thinking about it. Let us forget."

Hazel slipped away and went to her room. Presently she returned to the door of the sitting room and beckoned her mother out into the hall.

She was dressed for the street. "Mother," she said, "I am going

out into the city to find some "Mormon" elders. I telephoned today and found out that there are some here in the city, and learned that they have headquarters in the —— Building, on State street. You know that is near the office where I used to work, so I know right where to go."

Mrs. Briant's face was beaming. "Oh, Hazel it is too good to be true, but what shall I say if your father asks for you?"

"Tell him the truth. I will be gone beyond his recall and it is all for him, you know."

President Cardson was in the office and smiled pleasantly when Hazel introduced herself and explained her errand.

But in reply to her request, he said gently, "There are no elders here now, excepting two new elders who have just come in from Utah. They came up from the train that brought them in, only a few minutes ago, and of course I couldn't think of sending them out until——"

President Cardson got no farther, for one of the new missionaries who had been taking care of his dust-stained traveling-bag and overcoat in an adjoining room, rushed past him like the wind, and clasped the visitor in his arms.

"Hugh, Hugh, where did you come from?" was all Hazel could say.

"From dear old Utah, little Sister, I was going right out to see you and Father and Mother as soon as I could get the dust of travel off my clothes.

"Oh, Hugh," Hazel faltered, "Father is so sick and we want you so——"

"Sick? Father? Hugh exclaimed, I will go right out with you," and then added, "Father needn't know, Hazel, that I am a 'Mormon' missionary—that is—not at first. I——"

"Oh Hugh," Hazel broke in, "he's calling for the 'Mormon' elders. That's why I came. I found out that there were some in the city and I came to take them to him. Little did I know whom I should find here."

President Cardson was already putting on his overcoat. "Elder Briant, we will go together," he said simply, and then added fervently as the three passed out into the lighted street, "Thanks be to our Father that you came tonight."

Tridell, Utah

TEACHING AS A VOCATION

BY L. JOHN NUTTAL, JR.

DEAN OF COLLEGE OF EDUCATION, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Teaching is work and has attached to it all of the benefits of a hard job. It requires the complete services of real men for its satisfactory accomplishments. One who selects to teach can well remember Carlyle's words:

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in *work*. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works.

Books are needed, but yet not many books. A few well read. An open, true, patient, and valiant soul is needed; that is the one thing needful.

The choosing of a vocation demands thought on several questions. The first of these is, "Can I succeed?" Young men should choose teaching when they feel sure they can succeed, for failure here affects too many lives to be lightly thought of. We are at times stirred up by stories of the suffering and loss of opportunity of little children because of parental or industrial imposition of hard labor. The young person who does not weigh these same consequences on the child must realize that when he attempts to teach, as a stepping stone to his success in some other line, he is equally cruel to children. If preceding this attempt to teach he really prepares for it, he can do good teaching, but this process is wasteful in the life of the person aiming at some other calling.

The prospective teacher must love children and be happy with them. He must be able to see hopeful manhood in each boy, and a young lady of promise in each girl. Teachers must be able to guide young people in growth toward maturity so that they are guided by noble ideals, have habits of wholesome living, know enough to appreciate and love life in all its phases and be skilful in some useful art. Each teacher each day must contribute to this end. A county superintendent has stated it thus:

'TIS THIS TO TEACH

A. F. HARMAN

County Superintendent of Education, Montgomery, Alabama

To take a child in gentle hands
And lead him into mystic lands,
Where veils no longer shroud the past
And each new hope o'erglows the last—
'Tis this to teach.

To light new fires where old have burned.
With brave, good hearts, as roads are turned,
To find new stars where darkness sways,
Whose light one day shall mark the ways—
'Tis this to teach.

To fill the child-world brim with joy,
To charm and hold some errant boy
With stern ambition, or some song
Of right triumphant over wrong—
'Tis this to teach.

To move dread mountains dark with fear,
By faith of young hearts drawing near
The paths the fathers long have trod,
The narrow paths that lead to God—
'Tis this to teach.

In deciding whether to teach or not, settle first the question: "With my ability, can I do this kind of work?"

The second point to consider is the preparation needed. In most of the western states and rural schools generally the minimum rapidly being adopted is high school graduation and one year of college work. In cities and the more favored rural sections two years of college are required, and the New York Rural School Survey urged three years of training for all schools in the state of New York. For high school work College graduation is required. The preparation is not measured alone by the amount. Teaching is one of the most specialized of the arts. This is being emphasized more and more as compulsory attendance regulations force children into school. To teach these pupils of varied ability successfully requires thought, power, and skill in several lines. First is the ability to interpret child motives and tendencies and to understand their behavior, especially to know what the learning of behavior is; second is the knowledge of subject matter and the ability to select and organize this for effective teaching; third is skill in organizing a classroom with all its routine and variable factors so that every child will learn; fourth is that power to know what to say and do as a teacher in a given learning situation that makes progress by the pupils certain.

These are the technical, professional requirements made a part of the college work. Their transfer value to other professions is not great, so young men should choose carefully before going into this preparation for teaching work. A year ago a young man came into the office and asked what he would need to do and how long it would take him to become a successful superintendent of schools. He was told the preparation would take about twelve years, and should include a two-year normal course, followed by two or three years experience in the elementary schools, part of the time as principal, it possible; next, some additional schooling to complete his college course, followed by a similar experience in the high schools; finally, he should take at least one year of graduate work in Educational Admin-

istration,—then he could consistently and hopefully become a superintendent. He went away somewhat discouraged, but this fall wrote a letter which read about as follows:

"Kindly reserve a place for me in training. The young man to whom you said last year that it would take about twelve years to become a successful superintendent of schools, is now about to begin the long journey."

Here is the prospect of a great school man, because the selection of the profession has been properly made.

The third big question in choosing a profession is that of remuneration. To a young man who wrote to the National Education Association, asking the question of pay coupled with the significant query: "Would you advise your best friend to teach?" the reply was sent in the following words:.

Our overstrained materialistic age, it is true, gives its most sought-for sanctions to material success. This would not be so unfortunate were it not for the correlative fact that low material rewards tend inevitably to brand an individual as a "failure," and an occupation as unworthy of serious pursuit. We agree with those who deny that money is the *sole* measure of worth in American life. It is not. It is only the basic standard—which is just as bad, if not worse.

Marked success in medicine, engineering, law, authorship, journalism, invention, and other occupations brings not only distinction but a relatively large share of material prosperity. This is something relatively new in human history. The time was, and not so very long ago, when highly successful writers, artists, and musicians were likely to be penniless, when keen lawyers wore shabby clothes, and when good physicians had about the same social and financial status as flunkys. But all this has been changed. Even successful preaching may now make a man a millionaire, as Mr. Sunday's career so spectacularly proves.

The financial rewards of teaching are not as high as those paid to the most successful in most of the other professions, but people are becoming more willing to pay adequately for good teaching, so this question can be answered with a promise for better pay.

To the fourth question: "Is the social status of the worker desirable?" there is nothing but joy and pleasure to hold out to the prospective teacher. People respect the teacher for the work he is doing and realize its importance in all life activity. About the only serious difficulty a teacher meets in this regard comes when some individual or small faction desire the teacher to further their own special activities. The future civilization rests in the work of the teachers of today. The weight of this responsibility makes the choice of this vocation a serious one, but the glory of achievement raises one to the highest rank among those respected for great service.

Is the personal life of the teacher a satisfactory one? This is the fifth question to consider. Unfortunately, in most communities in the past and in a few places yet, there has been a tradition that a short tenure for a teacher was desirable. That day is changing. Men and women who teach well are being encouraged to stay, and are being

rewarded for staying. With this point of view predominating, so that teachers can get a home and feel that there is a certain surety of tenure as well as promotion, being a teacher is pleasant. Contact with young



TRAINING TO BE TEACHERS

A fourth year high-school class studying English under the direction of a practice teacher and the supervision of experts at the Brigham Young University, Provo. The two men standing by the board are William H. Boyle, principal of the secondary training school, left; and Amos N. Merrill, professor of secondary teaching, right. Maud Dixon Markham, the regular teacher, stands by the door.

people is uplifting and keeps one optimistic and youthful. The activities engaged in keep the teacher in contact with recreational agencies. Always looking for something good to teach causes one to see good in everything. In the May number, 1922, of the *Journal of the National Education Association* these advantages are summarized:

1. Teaching pays. Besides ever-increasing financial compensation, the teaching profession offers the highest social sanctions and rewards.

2. Teaching is a growing profession. The nation now requires the services of 700,000 teachers. There is a strong demand that teachers be better trained. As training increases, the financial and social rewards likewise increase.

3. Teaching offers a growing career. The well-trained teacher need have no fear of unemployment, but may look forward to increasing opportunities commensurate with added training and growth in personal fitness.

4. Teaching offers mental and moral growth. The soundest mental and moral processes are involved in the making of good citizens.

5. Teaching is building. The teacher shapes the unfolding life of childhood and radiates ideals and purposes that in the citizenship of tomorrow will become the fabric of an improved social structure.

6. Teaching inspires high ideals. There is nothing nobler or more practical than to shape and to guide the ideals and practices of the young citizens who are soon to be the nation's responsible leaders.

7. Teaching is service. Those who enter this high calling enjoy the spiritual development and true happiness that come from rendering real service to the republic.

8. Teaching insures big opportunities. With growth and inspiration come multiplied opportunities for self-improvement, for rearing the family in a wholesome atmosphere, and for living and building on life's best side.

9. Teaching is practical patriotism. Inspiring young citizens and directing problems of citizenship practice is a ministry essential to a democracy.

10. Teaching is the profession of professions. Measured by the standards that make life genuinely rich and happy, teaching offers opportunities beyond those of other professions. Teaching is the clearing-house of the past, the guide of the present, and the prophet of the future. It is therefore necessary that the nation's finest talents should be consecrated to public education upon which the perpetuity of American ideals and the salvation of the republic depend.

Summing it all up, the outlook is such that today we can safely say that teaching is an occupation to which manly men can dedicate their lives.

Provo, Utah.

Peaks

Mighty peaks resplendent with the glory
 Of a sun arising blithely from the east.
 With each recurring day I read a story
 Engraven on your time-worn rugged faces,
 A tale that tells of love and joy and sorrow.
 Lived long ago by prehistoric races,
 Who from your heights looked out on laughing waters,
 Or angry waters as they chanced to be.
 And I wonder, did you give unto those others,
 The strength that you each day give unto me?

The winds wage fiercest battle at your summits,
 About your beetling crags the lightnings flash,
 Their keenest thrust of poignant, fiery lances;
 The sombre clouds their weight of tear-drops dash
 Against your brows, yet you do stand unriven;
 Great stalwart wardens of now fertile land,
 The power is yours to bear whate'er is given,
 And a ceaseless source of inspiration be,
 To souls that cringe beneath life's stormy conflict,
 If they but will to upward look and see.

Provo, Utah.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

"HE THAT WOULD BE GREATEST"

BY MARY H. WOOLSEY

II

Before dawn, the mob—for mob, at best, it was—was streaming over the broad highway that led to Varna; growing larger each time it came to a crossroads or passed through a little village. The women and the few men who were loyal, stood about in white-faced groups, speaking in dismal whispers or excited voices.

Through the wide gates of Varna, up the broad avenue to the palace doors, the revolutionists surged at last. The soldiers, whom they had expected to oppose them, were nowhere to be seen—nor, in fact, was anyone else. They paused in indecision; and at that moment, King Maros stepped from an open doorway onto a low balcony and thus addressed them:

"Tivranians, come not with weapons, I your king am but your servant, to do for you the best I can. If I have failed, dismiss me. I shall not demand bloodshed for the gaining of what is rightfully yours already."

Amid a ripple of surprise, the young king removed his crown and sword and royal robes, and laid them on the stone coping of the balcony.

"They are yours, men of Tivrania. Do with them what you will. I am no longer your king." And he was gone.

Gone, also, the mob spirit from the mob. It was as if a toy balloon had been pricked with a pin. That glamour lent by difficulty of attainment, fell away when what they sought was suddenly thrown into their hands. Arad was dismayed.

"It is victory, victory!" he shouted in a fruitless endeavor to revive their enthusiasm. "It is time to select your new ruler."

But one of the older peasants spoke up, "Rather, it is time to go to our homes, and forget what fools we have been."

His words brought a flush of shame to many faces, and the men began to move slowly back through the gates. A few who might otherwise have followed Arad and ransacked the royal houses, were restrained by the action of the majority; and Arad, realizing that it would be the safer course, fell in with their mood.

So homeward, silent and ashamed, went the sobered Tivranian revolutionists, undefeated, yet without glory or pride of victory. Homeward, under darkening skies, their way marked by bonfires which they built to rest beside at times during the night. Homeward, to face their womenfolk with hung heads and downcast eyes; and finally to try to veil their shame by admitting that they had made a mistake, and to bury their regret in the lure of Arad's adventures—for in his skill he made them forget the part he had played among them—kept them from recognizing the wolf that he was.

"I shall stay yet awhile," he said to himself. "'Tis a stupid place, but better than hustling always—and possibly I may still gain my desire."

So, at the end of the quiet, almost dull days, when the peasants, yielding to life-long habit, came to the inn, Arad became again the story-teller, and strove to make more secure his place among them. And so successful was he that soon he was admitted occasionally at Misivri's house—and Amadra's eyes burned brightly under the spell of his eloquence.

To Lago, this situation was unbearable, and he could not make himself pleasant company; so he went no more to the merchant's house, but sat beside his own fire, alone and filled with gloom. And thus he sat one evening when Shumla came,—Shumla, ready as always to sympathize or advise; but with a calm eagerness in his manner which had never been there, even though they were more silent than ever they had been.

In the morning, as they watched the sun rise over the mountains, whose peaks were now white with snow, Lago asked as always: "Can you not stay here, Shumla?"

But this time Shumla answered, "Yes, Lago—now I can stay. My business no longer needs me."

So Shumla remained at Urtutz, or near there—while week piled upon week and winter closed in on Tivrania. His especial pet now was the little crippled Dorene, the fiddler's son, who reclined always upon his couch; until Shumla had made for him a chair which might be wheeled about and placed wherever desired. Hour by hour, Shumla's fairy tales and quaint songs beguiled the little fellow's weary time away, and made him laugh with glee—to the great joy of his father and mother and the warm approval of all the villagers.

Life slipped into its old ways—then suddenly was jolted by the realization that Tivrania was now without a head. The king, Maros, could not be found. The nobles and ministers, with no guiding hand to restrain them, fell to quarreling over trifles. Varna was thrown into an uproar. The army disbanded and the soldiers returned to their homes, leaving the little country unprotected.

One thing was certain—they must have a leader. But whom? One was too thoughtless; another too stern; this one was suspected of being dishonest, that one was generally disliked. Arad listened awhile, and when they had debated for some time, tacitly suggested that he would be an excellent premier for Tivrania.

But he had reckoned without the vision and insight of the blind priest Saghra. The old man's lifted hand commanded silence: "You, Arad? You would become premier, would you? Have you forgotten that you are an alien? Having been among us for one short season, you think you can understand our needs? Was it not just for this that you came here and incited a peaceful people to rise against a king who had served them well?"

Father Saghra's tone was low and stern. And at last the peasants understood and turned upon Arad with shouts and threats, bidding him begone with his wolf's heart and his fox's cunning. Muttering curses against the blind priest's intervention, Arad stalked away.

Lago, watching him, saw him pause a moment to glance back down the street past the crowd; and turning, Lago saw a flash of scarlet against the white wall of Misivri's house. His heart leaped, for it was surely Amadra's bright shawl. He looked again towards Arad—to see him turning from the highway, to quickly disappear behind some cottages. Suspicious, Lago hurried towards the merchant's house. As he drew near he saw that Amadra had gone to the well, where she stood motionless, her pail in her hand, staring before her; and presently Arad approached from that direction and began to speak in a low tone. Knowing that the girl was alone at home, Lago drew as near as he could, sheltered behind a group of beeches. Somewhat indistinctly, he could hear the words Arad spoke: "I am going away, Amadra. Come with me."

"Where?" she asked, startled.

"Adventuring, sweet maid. To the ends of the earth, perhaps."

"I wish you good speed, then," Amadra replied calmly.

"I did not ask for your good wishes," he retorted, "but for you. Think, girl—you and I, and all the world our playground! like the tales I told you—"

"Ah, yes—pretty to listen to, Arad. But to live in—no. Four walls and a roof and a fire—they are better shelter."

"For common clay, say," returned Arad, "which you are not. Your house should be a palace; you should be robed in costly silks and your play things should be jewels. I shall give you them. Come!"

She eyed him steadily, neither moving nor replying.

"Think!" he urged. "Would you remain here to become mistress in a hovel?—slave to a stupid peasant like—"

"Stop!" she cried, furiously. "I want not his name on your tongue! I would not trade a hair of his head for all that you can offer."

Arad's face darkened with anger. "Now I say you shall come!" he exclaimed, seizing her roughly, and as she cried out, "Silence, girl! But then who is near enough to hear?"

"I am!" shouted Lago, leaping swiftly from his hiding-place. Arad, startled, released Amadra and turned to see Lago approaching, then fled ignominiously.

"Coward!" Lago yelled after him, "coward and traitor! Dare ever to show your face in Urtutz again, and you shall suffer for it!"

Amadra had crouched back against the wall, quivering with relief from her fright. Lago turned towards her slowly.

"He will not trouble you more, I think," he said, and then was silent; loath to leave her presence, yet afraid to speak further.

"I am sick of him and his boastings!" the girl exclaimed with

sudden vehemence. Then, "Why have you deserted our fireside, Lago?"

"Because there is not room for him and me beneath the same roof," bluntly. "Would you have it so?"

"Pshaw! Lago—I would but see if you can be jealous—so slow you are!" Then she looked at him directly and the color flamed in her cheeks; she caught up her pail and ran swiftly into the house, while his adoring eyes followed her until she slammed the door behind her. Then he hurried homeward, quite forgetting such an unimportant trifle as the selection of a successor to the king; intent only on doing his chores and making ready for the evening's visit.

Days passed, and no ruler was selected for Tivrania. The peasants were puzzled. How could they select a ruler when they could not all agree on anyone?

The snow came, drifting heavily over the fields and hillsides, and the children began to talk eagerly of the king's annual festival. Their parents listened with heavy hearts, fearful lest the little ones might be sadly disappointed. When would there be again a king in Tivrania? Then, one night, a band of robbers galloped in from beyond the mountains, terrorized the villiages, and drove away many sheep and cattle and horses. When at last they had gone, the people ran to their priests, begging them to help select a king who would bring peace to the little country again.

Father Saghra stood within his little gray church, his face lined with sadness and pity. Every ear strained to catch the words of his prayer:

"* * * As that of children in mischief has been their sin, O God; and in repentance they turn to thee. Father, forgive them, and help them to find the one amongst them who is greatest of all. Let them remember the words of our Savior, that he who is greatest is he who serves best. Give them of thy wisdom, that they may know who will serve them best; and so let them have peace. Amen."

Slowly they filed out of the church, lingering near to talk together. Olgetz had brought his little crippled son, and the child was riotously happy to be abroad at night. His gayety quickly made him the center of an admiring group.

"Little Dorene of the light heart!" murmured an old peasant. "Would it not be wonderful if a child all innocence and purity should point out to us our king?"

"King—king," the little boy repeated merrily.

"'Tis the first time he would say the word," explained Olgetz.

At that moment Shumla, the last to leave the church, stood in the doorway pulling on his heavy cap. The lantern's light shone on him, and Dorene quickly recognized his friend.

"Shumla! Shumla!" he shouted, stretching out both chubby mittened hands, eager to show off his latest accomplishment. As Shumla

smiled and came near, the child shouted again, "King, Shumla—I say, king!"

Silence—a breathless silence—held the crowd. Someone laughed. "King Shumla! Why not?"

Suddenly they knew that among them all there was no one better loved nor more trusted than he. Who had not benefited by his helpfulness and kindness? A great shout went up.

"Shumla shall be our king!"

"But I thought—" he stammered irresolutely. "I thought that you no longer wanted a king—that you would have some other—"

"But we know not the ways of any other," broke in Datmir, eagerly. "It is a king we need." And another cheer confirmed his words.

Shumla turned, to see the old priest standing near by, smiling benignantly, and staggered towards him.

"Father Saghra, I must speak with you!"

Inside the church door, out of hearing of the joy-wild crowd, the good old man laid affectionate hands on the young man's shoulders.

"Shumla, Shumla! Did you then think I do not know?"

"You knew, Father Saghra!—How long?"

"Always, I think," replied the priest. "The blind, Shumla, sometimes see what others never can."

Shumla bowed his head reverently.

"Poor children!" the holy man said softly. "It has been a lesson for them; next time they will turn deaf ears to the voice of evil counsel. But it will be a beautiful joke at the end, Shumla. * * * Now you must be gone about your business—and may God be with you."

Tivrania marveled and rejoiced at the expertness of the new king. How swiftly his ruling spread peace over the land! An end to the quarrels, the bickerings! The army, reunited; the brigands put to flight! Everywhere, industry and content as of old.

Every home was a scene of hustling activity. Mornings were spent in the kitchens; afternoons at weaving, knitting, sewing; evenings at making candles and at dancing. And at all times there was singing, and laughter, and hopefulness.

Storms piled the snow deep, and vanished, leaving the countryside glistening beneath the drifts. The days were clear and pleasant; the nights, starrily, crisply cold. And at last the king issued a proclamation bidding all Tivranians to assemble at Varna for a great festival of celebration.

At last the great day came. Resplendent in new finery, the peasants made ready their sledges, and beneath warm fur robes set out on the journey to Varna and the king's festival. Hearts were light and faces glowed with happy excitement, and the air was filled with laughter and song as they sped along their way.

The great Hall of State was gay with decorations which shimmered in the soft light of many candles, and strange sweet music could be heard. On tables round about were the gilded fruits and the little cakes, and bags of nuts and sweetmeats which would be given the people at the end of the festival.

With exclamations of delight, the people separated into groups and waited eagerly for the king to appear. In he came, his royal robes trailing and his crown glittering. It was a strange Shumla, but his smile was the same and he spoke to them merrily in answer to their shouts of acclamation.

Amid the eager flutter, Shumla was approached by one of his ministers, and as they conversed, the candle-light illumed his face, now serious and intent—and it was the face of the king whom they had driven away in the autumn! The room seemed charged with an electric stillness; then—"Tis Maros himself!" exclaimed a dozen voices; and the king raised his head, smiling at their amazed recognition.

For it was true. He whom they knew and loved and had chosen king, was the same as he whom, in ignorance and listening to the tempter, they had rebelled against. Of Maros they had stood in awe; but to the vagabond story-teller, Shumla, they had opened their hearts—and thus had the king learned the whole truth regarding their conditions, and been enabled to rule for their genuine good.

"But truly I would rather be Shumla than Maros," the king said wistfully; yet he knew that never again would their king seem remote from them, and that the uncovering of his secret would not end his pleasant evenings of story-telling and mingling with the peasants whom he loved. For the king would be Maros, and Shumla always their friendly companion; and if a king be a friend—why, the difference is but the presence or absence of a crown.

(The End)

Looking Forward

Let us store up all the sunshine
Glistening through the Summer's day,
That we may have some to feast on
When the skies are cold and grey.

Let us cultivate our gardens
Until the weeds of worthlessness
Are replaced by flowers of beauty
With borders of blessedness.

Let us stretch the line of patience
That all our griefs may air,
And be cleansed of selfish groanings
That on another's patience wear.

Let us harness all the moonbeams
That some night of disillusionment
May be brightened by the shining
Of promises Heaven sent.

Let us not neglect the friendships
Which endeavor have kept green,
That in the hours of loneliness
We a cheering smile may glean.

Let us store, and save, and gather
Every bit of love and joy,
Lest some day we may miss them
As a child a loved, lost toy.

A. HENDERSON.

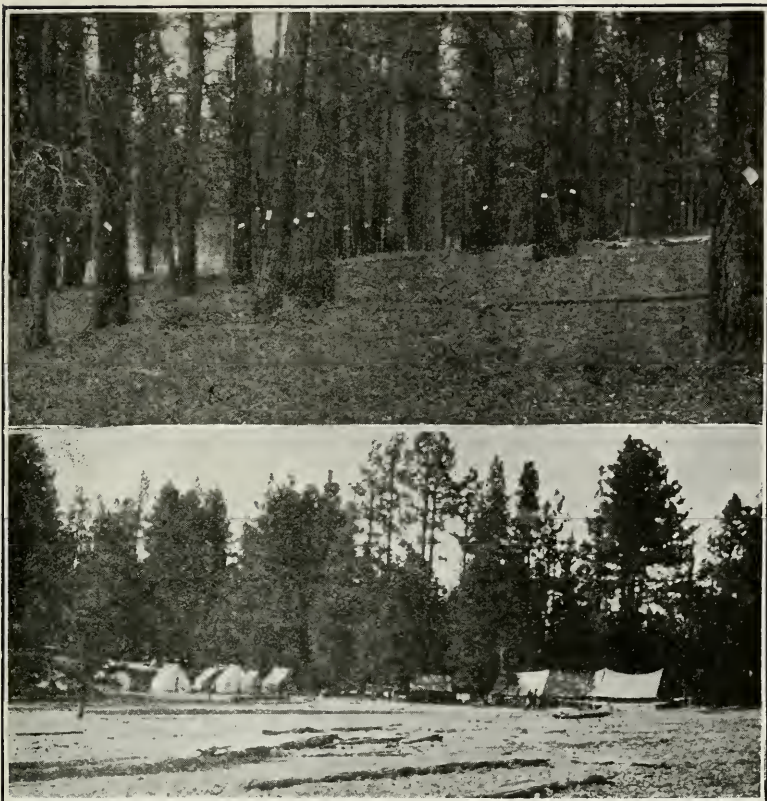


Photo by Ben Swapp.

Top: Showing trees "spotted" which will be cut and peeled so as to expose the larvae to the light which kills them. Bottom: The Greenland Point "Bug Camp" in the Grand Canyon National Park.

TALES OF THE TRAILS

3. A Bug Story

BY JOE HICKMAN

This is a true story about bugs that are destroying millions of dollars' worth of your property each year. I learned these facts in the Grand Canyon National Park last summer, when I followed a trail that led to a "bug camp," out on Greenland Point. We stopped at the Park Ranger station and inquired if Ranger Ben Swapp had been seen going by that way.

"Yes," answered Winess, the Park ranger, "Ben went up the trail yonder about an hour ago, on his way to the bug camp."

"Bug camp?"

"Yep," went on Winess, "din't you know we maintained camps here for bugs?" We all laughed, being under the impression that this

was doubtless a term that the rangers had adapted to their use for the purpose of designating a certain class of tourists. It struck me as very fitting, and I wondered if he thought of directing our party that way; so, inquired farther.

"What are your special requirements for admission to a bug camp? Do you think we would make suitable additions?"

Winess will joke with you as long as you are game, and he does not draw the line on strangers. Having met him a few days previous, we were, in terms of the trails, old acquaintances. Seeing the interpretation we had placed on the term, he continued, "I am not sure you fellows could secure permanent membership in one of those camps. You see you have either to know considerable about bugs or else you have to be able to swing an ax for about ten hours a day." Not wishing to push the matter to a test in either of these respects, we dropped the subject of admission and inquired relative to the definition of the term.

Bug camps, we learned, are the camps maintained by the U. S. Bureau of Entomology for the men who are working on the problem of insect control. The Greenland Point camp, which was one of the three camps being maintained at the time of our visit, is an example of them all. It consisted of the tents of about sixty laborers, also a large cook-tent and dining room, near which were the tents of the directors of the experiment. I call the venture an experiment for, although it has cost the Government hundreds of thousands of dollars in money expended and timber destroyed, it still remains a question what the results will be from the standpoint of conservation.

We spent some time at the camp, learning that the work was being pursued for the purpose of controlling, if not exterminating, the Black Hills beetle. This beetle causes the death annually of millions of dollars worth of timber on the Kaibab forest and in the Grand Canyon National Park. Doubtless it is doing its deadly work on many of our other forests, and if the methods being tried out in Arizona prove successful they will probably be followed on other timbered areas. Let us note here, for the sake of our more technical readers, that a *beetle* is not a *bug* and in this respect the term used on the forest is a misnomer. However, the term is well fixed in the local phraseology and will be used in this article with this understanding.

Some idea of the seriousness of the situation may be gained from noting the fact that the timber cut and peeled by the "bug men," in their efforts last summer alone, if valued at \$25. per thousand board feet, would be a loss of a quarter of a million dollars. In noting this fact, let us consider further that the timber cut and peeled is very insignificant when one compares it with the hundreds of acres of standing dead timber that he sees in the region,—dead because of the work of the beetle. If a "fire bug" caused a fire that destroyed a million dollars worth of our property we would flash the news in red headlines across the nation. Yet here is an army of more fear-

ful "bugs" that are causing annual losses of more than this amount and many of us know little, if anything, of his activities.

To further impress the vastness of the venture being made by our Bureau of Entomology in control of the beetle let us quote the following from figures Ben Swapp has given me in his summary of the work of the past year:

"The method of control being tried is that of cutting down the infested trees and peeling the bark, thus exposing the beetle while in its larvæ stage. Being thus exposed the larvæ die and the spread of the beetle is thus checked. The bark peeled from trees the past summer would weigh approximately 10,452,000 pounds. If spread out it would cover 96 acres. If loaded in cars of 18 tons each it would take about ten trains to move it. If spread out two feet wide it would be enough to make a walk from one end of the state of Utah to the other. The cost to the Bureau of peeling this bark was \$31,902.08."

While there are numerous species of beetles in our forests, all are not destructive to the trees. Some kinds are even beneficial, in that they are parasitic in nature, feeding upon the harmful Black Hills type. This beetle attacks the trees in pairs. The female enters the tree by boring through the bark and then begins to excavate her galleries. The male remains at the bottom for some time, keeping the opening at the end of the gallery open so that the pitch will flow out. When he fails at his job, as he sometimes does, the pitch banks up and drowns the female. At intervals the female side steps and bores a chamber in the side of the gallery. In these chambers she deposits her eggs. The male now follows her in the gallery, packing sawdust around the eggs, and boring air holes through to the surface of the tree. As this is the only beetle that packs its eggs in sawdust, one may determine what kind of beetle is at work in any particular tree by noting how the eggs are packed. Many harmless kinds of beetles use the chambers made by the Black Hills beetle after this beetle has deserted it. These harmless types reproduce in the dead trees, while the Black Hills always attacks a green tree.

It is the deadly work of the larvae of the beetle that costs us the enormous sums given above. When the eggs hatch the larvae crawl out of the sawdust beds and begin feeding upon the cambium layer of the tree. The adults have worked their chambers parallel to the heights of the tree, but the larvae work in a horizontal direction and thus soon girdle the tree. This, of course, causes the tree to die, as it is in the cambium layer that the growth is produced by the upward flow of the sap.

It is the object of the work of the Bureau of Entomology to map the areas affected and then to "spot" the particular trees that harbor the larvae. These trees are then cut down and peeled as explained above. This spotting requires expert entomologists who learn by close study of the habits of the insects how to determine a "good" tree. This term is applied to trees that harbor large numbers of larvae, and the peeling of which will do much toward controlling the ravages of the next generation.

MOTHER AND FATHER POEMS

Mother

For mother who loves us so dearly,
Who cheerfully gives us her all,
Let's do what we can to repay her—
The best we can do is too small.

She does all she can to assist us
In living our best every day;
She constantly guards us with kindness,
And guides us along the right way.

Her kind, patient heart beats so warmly
With love that will never be less.
She tenderly, hopefully watches,
And gives us an anxious caress.

No matter what heights we may climb to,
Nor into what depths we may fall,
Her mantle of love and forgiveness
Envelopes and pardons us all.

So let us remember the mother,
Who nourished the life we possess,
Do nothing to cast a dark shadow
O'er mother's supreme happiness.

Layton, Utah.

L. M. HALL.

Denied Motherhood

Not to those who have wilfully denied themselves the privilege of Motherhood, but to that faithful band of women, who, like Hannah of old, have supplicated the Lord for children, but who, unlike her, have not been granted their holy desire, let us give reverence.

Theirs has been a life of hoping, fervent pleading, and patient waiting; theirs has been a deep and heartfelt sacrifice. For the sincere Motherhood in their hearts, let us greet them Mothers.

To these, this little tribute and poem are lovingly dedicated.

Task's completed;
And a noble mother-heart is still.
Mother-heart, I say,
Though she never knew the joy
Of a baby girl or boy
Of her own.
Just how much her soul has yearned
For that love, no one has learned
But God alone.

To lone orphans
Was her deep devotion freely given,
Night and day.
And no task was found too great,
Nor the hours too long to wait,
To give aid.
In the realms beyond the years,
May through her love, her prayers and
tears,
Amends be made.

Magrath, Canada

MAUDE B. RASMUSSEN

Daddy

'Tis your birthday today, Dad; I'm thinking of you,
Tho' I'm not there to tell you my thoughts,
Or to give you my wishes, or help bring you joy,
I know you won't say, "He forgot."

You're older today, Dad; the years passing by
Add care, as is shown on your brow—
You've struggled to help me, I've caused you much pain—
I can see what you've done for me now.

Yes, I'm thinking of Mother today, as are you,
How she's suffered and worried for me.
But as Mother has suffered, you Daddy have toiled—
You, dear Father, and dear Mother, she.
I'm glad, you've helped me. The thoughts you have given
Are chiseled in me as in stone.
I'm happy to think of the blessings I've had,
Given freely by you, dear, alone.

Today, Dad, I hope someone cheers you along;
That you'll have joy and happiness, too;
I hope you'll have many bright birthdays to come—
I thank God for a father like you.

Providence, Utah.

E. CARVEL CAMPBELL.

Dearest Pal of Pals

We love to speak of Mother, because we love her best,
But still we love another who bravely stands the test.
He's Man of Men! A soldier! So brave and true is he,
There's nothing he wouldn't shoulder, to clothe and shelter me.

I call him "Dear old Daddy," and true, he's dear to me,
For next to Mother always, comes Father, don't you see?
But what about us children, did we not take his gold,
His heart, his love and kindness, and help him to grow old?

All that, and more! I'll answer, it rings within my ears,
But how can we repay him—with gold, or burning tears?
Oh no! No pay's sufficient, not even worlds of gold:
For all his youth we've taken; and, friends, he's growing old.

Yet, if by him in childhood, we always did what's right,
He calls those dreams his fortune, and wills to us that light.
But if we did not help him through the storms and wrecking waves—
That debt rolls on forever! E'en while we're in our graves.

For only dear old Daddy can know what he has done,
To keep a home from hunger. To save us—every one.
But after all we leave him to work and fight his way,
And guard our dear old Mother until the judgment day.

All this he sees with sorrow, and it may bring him pain;
But if you fall tomorrow, he'll take you home again.
So if you love your Mother, the dearest gal of gals,
I know you'll find your Daddy, the dearest pal of pals.

Magrath, Alta, Canada.

JOSEPH WILLIAM REECE.

Play With Them

He was a boy, a wee small lad;
With smiling eyes and ruddy face,
A trowsled, frowsled, boisterous tad;
The kind you find most any place.

He used to pass my shop each morn;
A lunch pail clasped in his small hand,
A book or two beneath his arm—
You know the type throughout the land.

A cheery lad with bold bright eyes
The kind that loves to do and dare;
So young and foolish, yet so wise;
The kind of lad found everywhere.

You say he robbed a bank! Ah no!
Not Joe McCay, the Blacksmith's lad?
Why surely not! Don't say 'tis so!
A little wild but not that bad.

Now, that will sure go hard with Jim,
A good hard working honest sort.
Day after day he's toiled for him—
"To give young Joe a proper start."

What's that you say: "The same old tale,
Father a stranger to his boy."
"Joe's idle, leisure time sent him to jail,
And wrecked his father's pride and joy."

Oh, men, when will you ever see
That minutes make the hour—the day.
That what your boys will finally be
Is what they think and act and play.

He was a boy, a wee small lad,
With smiling eyes and ruddy face,
A stranger to his busy dad,
Allowed to run most any place.

Preston, Idaho.

O. E. HOWELL, Boy Scout Executive.

PARSON JOHN'S DISHES

BY MARGUERITE CAMERON

Polly Darnby peered longingly through the plate glass window of Book and Frank's new store.

"Just what I want," she thought, as she counted up the pieces in the china set on display—"Bread and butters, vegetable dishes, gravy bowl and all. I must tell John."

That evening after she had umpired a pillow fight and had finally settled her two cherubs in bed, Polly went down to the study. She told Parson John about the dishes.

"Dear," she argued, "we have never had a whole set in our lives, and these are just what I want—only twenty-five dollars, too."

"Now, Polly," cautioned Parson John, "we really don't need dishes. We seem to have plenty, as I remember."

"But John, they're so disreputable—cracked, chipped, spotted black and brown."

"Couldn't you buy a few to fill in?" he suggested.

Polly laughed in good natured derision, "Then the plates would be laughing at the handleless cups, the cracked salt shaker would be disgracing the new sugar bowl, the—"

"No use, Polly dear, we have college money to save for the boys. Not a cent for dishes."

"What if we should have company?" flung Polly.

John wagged his head. "Well, what if—?"

It was not many days after that Polly's "if" did come true.

"Dear," Parson John confided, "the famous Dr. Lambert is coming Thursday. I have invited the whole Ministerial association for dinner."

"For dinner—?" gasped Polly.

"It's very important," urged Parson John. "We want him to notice us. You see it's rumored that he has some good positions for the most likely men. I knew you could do the thing up brown, so—"

"We'll try," comforted Polly. "But, John, the dishes—we'll have to have that new set."

"Dishes?—Oh, make it go with what you have."

Polly was disconsolate. If she could only earn something with which to buy those dishes. Or, if she could only convince John. But both suggestions were equally absurd.

Surely, thought Polly, John didn't realize how preposterous it was to invite distinguished guests to dinner and then serve them in such fashion.

However nothing could touch John's serenity of spirit. He

had such complete confidence in Polly that if his thoughts ever did recur to the subject of dishes, he must have thought her competent to seal all cracks, whiten all disfigurements and restore all chippings. He went about jubilant and untouched by such worries as dishes.

Then came the day when John stood before his wife with three ten dollar bills in his hand.

"Dishes, dishes," echoed through Polly's head, as she beheld the money. Parson John had surely relented. But no, not at all.

"I want you to look your prettiest, darling," he told her. Get a new dress. Your green is looking—well—"

Polly had already put down the paring knife. Dishes, beautiful gold banded dishes,—she could see them in Book and Frank's window. Now she could get them and have a wonderful party. To the wind these thoughts of a new dress.

"A home bespeaks the housewife's character," she remembered having heard her mother say many, many times. On her shelves, decided Polly, the setting sun would see new dishes.

That afternoon Polly hurried into Book and Frank's. The set of china was still unsold. She breathed a sigh of relief. She looked over every piece, tried the handles on the cups, investigated the openings of cream and milk pitchers.

Before her flashed a picture of this gold banded china on her own good looking damask. From the serving dishes filtered the aroma of her own best cooking. And presently each guest from his own gold banded plate was exercising an unheard-of-before appetite. Parson John in his best bib and tucker was telling funny stories at his end of the table, while she sat listening intently—no, she was ill at ease, fidgeting about something. And then Polly saw herself as she would doubtless appear at the Ministerial Association dinner—in her old green dress.

John's final words echoed in her ear: "I want you to look your prettiest, darling. Buy a new dress. Your green is looking—well—" Pretty bad evidently, or he wouldn't have said anything. Even if she had these dishes, Polly argued, how would her dilemma be corrected, if John and the guests thought her a frump in her old green silk?

"I won't take the dishes today," she told the clerk.

Polly hurried home. She routed out all the dishes her pantry afforded. She stacked them up, laid them out, stacked them again. It was tragic. She was to set the table for ten and here there were only eight half decent dinner plates. She and John might use saucers, unless—she pulled out two discouraging remnants of crockery and with a sigh placed them on top of the pile. The cups—she wouldn't serve coffee. And glasses—

Had Polly had a mean disposition, or could she have taken any pleasure in shaming John before their guests, this would have been her chance. But she shuddered at the thought that their guests should

discover their lack or ever come to credit Parson John with that lack. This was an important party. Some way or other she must put it over for John.

Polly laid out the green silk on her bed. She had wondered if she might make it over. But it looked shabby and old now that John had spoken so disparagingly of it. It couldn't ever have been becoming even in its old frumpish way, she thought, as she tried it on. She simply must have something new.

She consulted the shop windows. One frock lured her inside, up to the second floor and finally into the hands of a sales lady.

"Just made for you," purred the girl, "Lines are splendid and such material—imported from—"

Polly wavered. In this she could see herself at ease, in good form presiding at John's table, compelling his admiration, radiating to her guests the graciousness of a gracious hostess. But then there would be no money left for dishes.

It had plainly become an issue of china or dress. She thought once to get the dishes and then make up some cheap voile for herself. But it would be tawdry. John would be disappointed, the guests unimpressed and she would have failed. John had said, "Look your prettiest, darling." It comforted her to think John was still thinking that she could look pretty.

"The lines are perfect," echoed the salesgirl.

"I'll take it," said Polly.

There was a great flurry all day in the parsonage kitchen. At five Polly swept proudly down the stairs and opened the front door to welcome the first guest. Back in the kitchen she gave Mrs. Hampstead last instructions, then viewed the table with critical eye.

"A low bowl of flowers will cover things up a lot," she comforted herself, as she induced a few daisies to straggle at greater length over the table cloth. "If Dr. Lambert and the others will just keep their eyes on the daisies," she sighed, "and on my new dress."

The dinner was glorious—a feast for kings. And at the foot of the table sat the resplendent hostess, graciousness itself. All eyes were upon her.

The dishes—What matter that Rev. Darnby and his wife ate from two pieces of crockery, which might better have graced the ash can. Polly's charming hospitality waived all pretensions. These dishes were their best. She and John were happy to share what they had with their guests.

Polly's eyes sparkled. Her cheeks flushed. The soft silk of her new gown clung in girlish grace around her shapely shoulders. "Mrs. Darnby," "My dear Mrs. Darnby," fluttered up and down the table. Everyone was talking to or about her. And the happy echo filled the ears of Parson John, who beamed his approval across the daisy field.

And so you will understand how little it really mattered that one plate broke in two when passed for a second serving. For a moment the misfortune threatened embarrassment. Every eye turned upon Dr. Lambert, who teetered one half of the ill-fortuned plate in either hand. "Which?" his perplexed gaze seemed to inquire. Parson John held his breath. He started. The guests, one by one, began to notice. And then Polly bent to relieve her guest of the lesser portion.

"The better half, Dr. Lambert," she whispered in jovial mood.

"Yes, yes," he grunted, relieved and happy not to have caused this charming Mrs. Darnby any embarrassment.

And on and on the dinner whirled to a glorious conclusion. Polly Darnby smilingly and sympathetically had carried her guests through their mishaps and embarrassments and suddenly there had been no embarrassments. It had been the most glorious dinner in the annals of the association.

"With a wife like Mrs. Darnby," Dr. Lambert puffed in Parson John's ear, "a man is bound to step right along. Come to my office tomorrow, Darnby."

The front door closed on the heels of the last dinner guest.

"Polly, dear," Parson John put his arms around his wife, "you are a wonder."

"But the dishes," she quavered, "Oh, John, they were dreadful."

"Dishes?" he snorted. "What the deuce—" and then he laughed. "Can't fret me about dishes, Polly dear, as long as I have you."

Portland, Oregon

Moroni's Visit

A hundred years have passed
 Since down unto the world
 An angel came from God,
 The gospel flag unfurled;
 The gospel flag of peace,
 Proclaiming unto men
 The time was close at hand
 When Christ would come again.

He unto Joseph spake,
 Instructions to him gave;
 Revealed the gospel plan
 A dying world to save,
 And told of records rare
 Hid in Cumorah's hill,
 That now should be revealed
 The prophets to fulfill.
Sharon Ward, Utah Stake.

A prophet warrior he,
 This angel who now came,
 He once had lived on earth,
 Moroni was his name,
 He was the messenger
 Whom John beheld would fly
 Through heaven's vast expanse
 And loud to men would cry.

Joseph his words did heed
 Although but then a youth,
 With zeal he worked, until
 He gave his life for truth:
 And now we thank our God
 As we our voices raise
 To testify these truths,
 And speak Jehovah's praise.

WILLARD BISHOP.

HEROES OF SCIENCE

BY PRESIDENT F. S. HARRIS AND N. I. BUTT, OF THE
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

11. Bell

Alexander Graham Bell is said to have received the most valuable single patent ever issued,—that of the telephone. Its value to man is partially seen when we think of the thousands of steps it saves and the inestimable amount of pleasure we derive from being able to step to the telephone and talk to friends or business associates who are miles away. In the United States alone about twenty billion conversations a year are carried on over wire telephones, and millions of people enjoy the entertainment of wire-less which is dependent upon the receiver invented by Bell.

The discovery of the telephone is one of the many fascinating chapters in science. The story is usually started by a history of the boyhood of Bell because his entire life was a preparation for the discovery which he made. He was born in 1847 of a Scottish family which specialized in teaching the dumb to talk. Under such conditions the lad early became interested in what causes sound and just how speech is produced by the vocal organs. He and his brother were able to make a dog say "How are you, grandma," and to cause an imitation human head made from rubber say "mama" so distinctly that neighbors thought it was a baby crying.

As he grew up Bell prepared himself to follow the art of teaching the dumb to speak, learning what he could from his father and also studying in the University of Edinburgh and later, the University of London. He noticed, that in speaking vowels, musical sounds were produced by the voice. Upon learning that the famous scientist Helmholtz had analyzed sounds by means of tuning forks, and had built up voice sounds by electrically vibrated instruments, Bell commenced to experiment with electricity. Being a thorough student he mastered many of the intricacies of electrical currents, and the more he learned the more he became convinced that the vibrations caused by musical instruments would prove useful for transmitting many telegraphic messages over a wire at once instead of one at a time, the most possible at that date.

In 1870 Bell came to Canada with his father and two years later he accepted a professorship in the University of Boston. At the latter place his interest in the transmission of musical sounds and even in transmitting the human voice by use of musical notes, increased greatly. He spent all his spare time in experimenting. A simple private laboratory was equipped for carrying on his experiments in the house where he was staying. Finally in order to have more time to

experiment he gave up teaching except for one or two private dumb students whom it was necessary to teach in order to make even a meager living.

One day an interesting device for showing vibrations of the human voice came into Bell's hands and he tried to improve it so that it would be of use in teaching visual speech to his students. In talking with a physician about this device and also about his experiments on musical telegraphs, it was suggested that study of the human ear might prove helpful. The idea was eagerly accepted and the physician gave Bell such an ear to experiment upon.

While watching the thin dead man's ear drum, so easily moving the relatively large bones of the ear or a heavy straw attached to it, Bell conceived the idea that the force of the vibrations of the human voice was great enough to operate mechanical devices for making and breaking currents of electricity. Here was a means for transmitting the human voice. It was a principle which would make possible the speaking telephone. At least two other men had thought of the same thing and yet failed to invent a satisfactory telephone.

Patiently Bell continued to experiment. He was receiving a little financial aid for carrying on his experiments on the musical telegraph, but when he declared his intentions of making a talking telegraph he was told further aid would be denied. It appeared as though his experiments on the telephone must cease although he felt he was now about to succeed.

Fortunately the young inventor was called to Washington to look after some of his patent rights just at this point, else he might have abandoned his experiments without discovering the telephone.

While in the Capitol he called upon the great scientist, Henry, who was in charge of the Smithsonian Institute. Henry immediately saw that Bell was working on an epoch-making idea and encouraged him to stick to his purpose in spite of difficulties. This together with other advice given by Henry filled Bell with an unquenchable enthusiasm. Although, to keep the patronage of those who were helping him, he had to spend part of his time on the musical telegraph, his heart was in the telephone. Within three months of the visit to Henry the twang of a spring was heard through the phone, and on March 10, 1876, about a year after the visit to Henry the human voice was transmitted over wire for the first time in the history of the world.

But being able to transmit the voice over the wire was not enough to make the device a practical success. It required dozens of adjustments and changes in make-up before it would do much better than squeak and hiss the words out like a radio out of adjustment. A few months more of feverish tests perfected the device so it was deemed worthy of a patent.

The telephone as patented by Bell was a very crude and imper-

fect instrument. To bring it up to its present state of perfection has required over 8,000 additional patents. Bell's original telephone consisted of hardly more than a dozen different parts whereas today there are over a hundred parts. At present hundreds of scientific experimenters are working every day trying to make the telephone a more dependable instrument. They have extended its use not only in the field of wire telephony but also to wireless telephony and telegraphy including the loud speaker, to ear phones for the deaf, and to a great variety of scientific instruments in which it is necessary to hear minute sounds.

But in spite of all the improvements which have been made since Bell sold his telephone patent rights, it is to him that the credit for the telephone belongs. He it was who for the first time combined our scientific knowledge of sound and electricity into a marvel of convenience undreamed of half century ago.

Provo, Utah

Meditation

The sun had set behind the western hills,
And twilight deepened into night.
When suddenly, beyond the waters blue,
There shone a wond'rous brilliant light.

At first I wondered what the light might be,
But as it rounder, brighter grew,
I knew that it was evening's lantern hung
Up in the starry sky so blue.

The moonbeams danced and sparkled on the lake,
Like myriads of jewels there,
And through the lacy pine boughs brightly gleamed
Upon the cold, calm waters clear.

The beauty of that quiet night had soothed
My troubled mind to perfect rest;
Brought back the story of that other night
When wise men started on their quest.

I seemed to hear sweet music as of old,
When shepherds heard the angels sing,
I silently sent up a heartfelt prayer,
As did those humble servants to their King.

And, lo, my heart was filled with love and joy
And peace, good will, unto all men,
I felt a longing for that future day
When Christ shall come on earth again.

Mesa, Arizona

IDA R. ALLDREDGE.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

Mission Statistics

President Heber J. Grant, at the General Conference, April 4, 1925, read the following information concerning the presidents, missionaries, members, and property in the missions of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints:

President	Missionaries	Members	Church Property
<i>American Missions:</i>			
California, Joseph W. McMurrin.....	125	8,625	289,114.04
Canadian, Joseph Quinney, Jr.....	71	716	23,021.47
Central, Samuel O. Bennion.....	158	8,712	110,410.26
Eastern, Brigham H. Roberts.....	143	4,689	232,818.55
Mexican, Rey L. Pratt.....	76	2,683	15,184.12
Northern, John H. Taylor.....	127	5,141	88,694.57
Northwestern, Brigham S. Young.....	99	5,599	82,535.76
Southern, Charles A. Callis.....	197	23,047	64,066.14
Western, John M. Knight.....	96	4,977	102,385.44
Total	1,092	64,189	1,008,230.35
<i>European Missions:</i>			
Armenian, Joseph W. Booth.....	2	164	450.00
British, James E. Talmage.....	151	5,670	78,518.17
Danish, John S. Hansen.....	24	1,621	55,284.95
French, Russell H. Blood.....	30	468	1,242.03
Netherlands, Charles S. Hyde.....	61	3,189	57,229.02
Norwegian, A. Richard Peterson.....	17	1,621	52,774.43
South African, J. Wyley Sessions.....	18	485	17,823.30
Swedish, Hugo D. E. Peterson.....	30	2,051	53,350.17
Swiss and German, Fred Tadge.....	226	11,102	51,497.79
Total	559	26,371	368,169.86
<i>Island Missions:</i>			
Australian, Charles H. Hyde.....	40	1,115	40,911.18
Hawaiian, Eugene J. Neff.....	61	13,083	195,830.00
Japan [Discontinued]		164	
New Zealand, Angus T. Wright.....	45	6,184	150,575.66
Samoaan, Ernest L. Butler.....	44	3,462	92,789.24
Tahitian, Ole B. Peterson.....	11	1,721	13,403.70
Tongan, Mark V. Coombs.....	19	1,051	24,853.52
Total	220	26,780	518,383.30
<i>General:</i>			
Smith Mem. Farm, Angus J. Cannon.....			20,000.00
Palmyra Farm, Willard Bean.....			20,000.00
Temple Block, Benjamin Goddard.....			40,000.00
Total	1,871	117,340	1,934,763.51

Statistics from Britain and Sweden

The annual report of the British Mission for the year 1924 shows a total membership in the mission of 4,191, with 651 children under eight years of age, making a total of 4,842 souls. There were 282 baptisms. There were 15 conferences aside from the Liverpool office, and a total of 151 missionaries, three of whom were lady missionaries.

A report of the Swedish Mission sets forth that in the five conferences and the mission office at Stockholm, there is a total of 1375 members, with 180 children under nine years of age, making a total of 1555. There were 11 baptisms for the six months from October 1, 1924, to March 1, 1925.

A Banner Year in the Mexican Mission

The native Saints and friends have expressed their joy and their enthusiasm over the conference held in El Paso, last December 28, and are very anxious that another be held in the near future. After the compilation of the missionary activities we are pleased to report that 1924 was a banner year, and there is a decided material increase in the number of baptisms performed, children blessed, ordinations to the priesthood, tithing paid, etc., as compared with previous years. The missionaries have resolved to make 1925 even a better year, and are striving hard to this end. They are putting forth their best effort to place more Books of Mormon among the people.—*Frank L. Copening Jr.*, secretary.

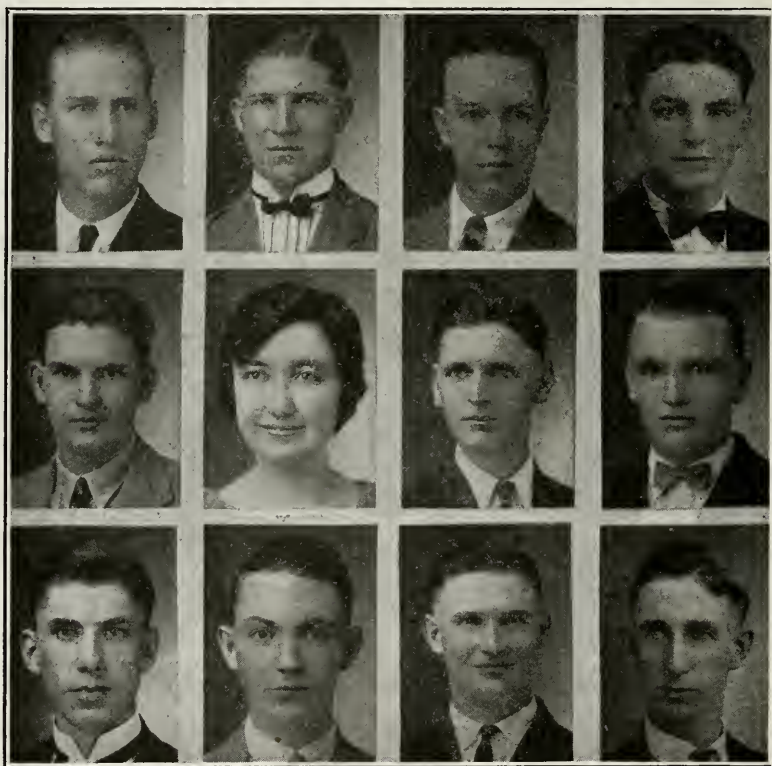


Left to right front row: Edgar L. Wagner, Niels A. Ogden, LeRoy E. Gibbs. Middle row: Elizabeth N. Thomas, Rey L. Pratt, Mission President; Grace I. Linton, Alissa Manning, Martina Dalebout. Top row: Leonard E. Ahlstrom, Myron F. West, former Mission Secretary, Hyrum P. Jones, Vernon S. Johnson, William Walser and C. Lloyd Rhoton.

Christmas Holidays in Samoa

The elders of western Samoa, whose pictures are presented herewith, gathered at our headquarters, at Pesega, Upolu, by invitation of President Butler and wife to spend the holidays together at the culmination of a successful year's work. No efforts were spared by the elders and Sister Butler at headquarters to make the visitors from the outside branches feel at home, and to show them a good time. Several forms of recreation were arranged for their entertainment, such as tennis, croquet, and baseball. Besides these sports there was ample social entertainment, provided mainly by Saints and friends to which visiting elders were invited the same as elders

stationed here. Among these entertainments were, Christmas Eve at the American Consulate, Christmas dinner and lawn tennis at John AhMu's place, provided by our Saints and friends on the Lotopa road, Christmas party and supper Christmas night, at our friends the Stoeckichts', and many other pleasant hours were spent with Saints and investigators. Means of recreation and social entertainment are limited in Samoa and this holiday week was a pleasant diversion from the usual round of missionary activities. The elders were entitled to all the recreation they received during the holidays, and have only praise for their faithful cooperation through the past year. It was indeed a pleasure for President and Sister Butler to have the elders at Pesega for that short time. Most of them from the outside branches arrived at Pesega just a day or two before Christmas and returned to their branches directly after a fine spirited elders' meeting held on the 2nd of January, at which all bore testimonies to the divinity of the work in which we are engaged, and also expressed themselves as having had a very enjoyable and pleasant time during the holidays. All of the elders are enjoying health, for which we are thankful.—*E. L. Butler*, mission president.



Missionaries, left to right, top row: Ernest L. Wright; Joseph A. Fluit; Melvin G. Wagstaff; William H. Smith, Salt Lake City. Second row: Frank N. Stephens, conference president of Savaii, Ogden; Miss Nettie Butler, Boise, Idaho; Mlvin S. Newman, Holiday; David M. Anderson, Ogden. Third row: B. J. Nicholls, conference president of Upolu, Salt Lake City; Robert V. Hodgen, mission secretary, Salt Lake City; J. Wayne Grow, Huntsville, Utah; Ernest L. Butler, mission president, Boise, Idaho.

Sixty-five Baptized

Samuel R. Spencer, conference president of the South Texas conference, Central States mission, reports favorable progress in that district. The elders are enthusiastic in their work and see bright prospects for the immediate future. "During 1924, 65 people were baptized and confirmed members of the Church, and several others have been added since the new year. The elders for the past three months have worked mostly in the country districts, and have met with unusually good success. Besides disposing of a large number of Books of Mormon and other Church literature, a large number of meetings have been held and many friends have been added to our cause. We commend the Saints in the different parts of the conference who by their righteous living have attracted the attention of non-members and led them to become friends and in some cases earnest investigators of the gospel. The weather here has been very favorable to our work. The Lord has blessed us abundantly and we feel that he will continue to do so according to our diligence in serving him. With the aid of the Spirit of the Lord we hope to make 1925 a banner year in this conference."



Names of missionaries, front row, left to right: J. Arden Ogden, McCornick, Utah; Thomas E. Foster, Jozye, Texas; John E. Ireland, Independence, Missouri; Samuel O. Bennion, mission president; Vern B. Millard, Salt Lake City, outgowing conference president; Nathan H. Gardner, Logan, Utah. Back row, Theodore R. Collier, Vernal; Almon G. Clegg, Heber City; J. Golden Haight, Cedar City, Utah; John C. Sandberg, Rigby, Idaho; Louis J. Bjorkland, Ogden; Lafayette Denning, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Samuel R. Spencer, Escalante, Utah, incoming conference president; William H. Allen, Pocatello, Idaho.

Success in Nevada

A Nevada conference was held under the direction of President H. R. Winterton. President Joseph W. McMurrin, Margaret K. Miller, president of the Relief Society, Superintendent Joseph G. Jeppson and Elsie Hogan, of the M. I. A., were in attendance. Special instructions were given by President McMurrin, who pleaded with the Saints to live up to the principles of the gospel, as explained by the missionaries, and be not only hearers of the word, but doers, both in temporal and spiritual matters. A lecture was given on temple work and temple ordinances, under the direction of Sister Hogan and Elder Jeppson. Many friends and investigators were present, who expressed their appreciation, and a desire to understand more of the gospel. The Primary and Relief Society sessions and also the Y. M. and Y. L.

M. I. A. were very successful. The three general sessions on Sunday were the most inspirational meetings that we have ever held. The music helped to make all the meetings a success. President Winterton has received his release. He has been a faithful, God-fearing leader. Elder Max Orton will succeed him as president of the Nevada conference. Elder Harvey Jensen, with Eunice Simpson and Lucy V. Eldredge were transferred to the Fresno conference, and Emma E. Walton to San Francisco.—*Emma E. Walton*, Sparks, Nevada.



Missionaries, left to right, back row: Harvey Jensen, Emma Walton, Lucy V. Eldredgs, Eunice Simpson, Tillman Turley. Front row: V. M. Flake, H. R. Winterton, Max Orton.

President Talmage Visits Bern, the Capital of Switzerland

It is a rare coincidence when November passes by without Switzerland being clothed with the whiteness of winter, in fact, according to the rule, this land has a pre-winter season, a winter season, a post-winter season and then a few weeks of summer. But, last year the summer didn't come. Even the lower peaks of these mighty Swiss Alps joined in with their eternally snow-covered brothers and withheld their cloaks of white until November came and it was time for them to be recloaked with a newer whiteness. But, when November came, it brought with it blue skies and a warm sun. December came—and passed, still not a flake of snow had fluttered its ways between those dizzy chasms to the sparkling brooks below. The first day of January came and the Swiss peasants were out sunning themselves on the dry, green grass, or taking hikes up into the crags which are so dear to them.

The month of January danced merrily along with its June-like days and its starry nights. The seventh of February brought with it great joy to the hearts of the Swiss peasants, for the "Foehn" had come. The "Foehn" is an extraordinarily warm breeze which comes every spring, sweeps across the valleys of the Bernese oberlands with great velocity and oft times causes great damage. During the time of the "Foehn" the peasants are not allowed to build fires, because many a Swiss village has been burned out, due to the spreading of sparks by this wind. But, the peasants are glad when the "Foehn" comes, for it is regarded as a sure sign of spring. Thus, with happy hearts and bright prospects, the stage was set for the big conference—yes—it would be a big conference, because Elder James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve was to be present. The Church members from every nook and corner on the Alps assembled together whatever amount was necessary, and hurried off to Berne, that beauti-

ful, majestic city situated on the horseshoe bend of the river Aare, where they quickly assembled themselves in the meetinghouse and then anxiously awaited the arrival of President Talmage. The officers and teachers' meeting was held, and no sooner had the closing prayer been spoken, than in walked Elder James E. Talmage, the president of the European mission, accompanied by Fred Tadge, president of the Swiss and German mission. What an audience of beaming faces and sparkling eyes. There, before their eyes—was an apostle of our heavenly Father, and the writer of so many books which they had read and idolized. Promptly as the clock announced the hour of ten, President J. Russel Hughes of the Berne conference welcomed the large crowd. A short program was rendered by the children of the Sunday school, during which two small quaintly costumed tots presented President Talmage and President Tadge each with a large bouquet of flowers and a silver spoon as a token of appreciation from the Berne conference. When President Talmage arose, he seemed as mighty as that towering mountain "The Virgin." The first words he spoke were, "I am so happy I could weep." He spoke in English, but everyone understood what he had said before Elder Jean Wunderlich translated it for him, for his words were breaking right out of his countenance. President Talmage, President Tadge, and President Hughes spoke in all three of the meetings of the conference. Their words were most impressive and filled with the Spirit of Him who had called them to their offices. When night came, and the closing prayer of the conference was spoken, the members and friends quietly filed out of the meetinghouse, shook hands with the presidents, and then scattered to their remote homes, taking with them the remembrance of wonderful hours spent with Elder Talmage. In the future, as these people look back upon this epoch-making event, they shall say, "Yes, he came during that wonderful winter when we didn't have any snow, and the days came in and went out with the warmth of June."—*Clyde A. Davies*, conference correspondent.



Elders in attendance at Berne conference, bottom row, left to right: Henry Dubach, Melvin Pickering, Basel conference president; James E. Talmage, European mission president; Fred Tadge, Swiss-German mission president; J. Russell Hughes, Berne conference president; Ernst Blaser, Glenn Robinson, Alfred P. Neagelin. Second row: Clyde A. Davies, Harold Merrill, John Kunz, Henry Fluckiger, W. O. Sandberg. Third row: Ernst Stetler, Paul Burham, Adolf Reishert, Walter Beutler.

This picture was taken on the steps of Switzerland's capitol building.

Progress Through Hard Work

Leland B. Sheets, conference president Vienna, Austria, March 16, 1925: "This country has a population of something over six million and only five missionaries. The Austrian conference is a part of the Swiss-German mission, but we are rather at a great distance from mission headquarters in Basel, Switzerland, which gives us only few visits from the mission headquarters. On March 1, we had a very successful conference in Vienna at which Jean Wunderlich from Basel represented President Fred Tadje. We are making progress through hard work and continued effort. We are at present introducing the Mutual Improvement work in our branches along with the religion. The young people must have recreation, play and diversion, and we are endeavoring to give them these things based on the will of God. We hope for success in this branch of the work and know it will attend our efforts if we do not rely too much on our own strength."



Names of the missionaries, standing, left to right: Hugh J. Ford, president Linz branch, Centerville; Earl D. Young, Brigham City; Clifford M. Reynolds, Salt Lake City. Sitting, LeLand B. Sheets, conference president, Salt Lake City; Jean Wunderlich, Basel; G. Hammond Hansen, president Vienna branch, Logan, Utah.

Four Classes of People

Ellsworth W. Wilcox, writing from Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, February 14, reports that the elders are putting forth united effort in the work of preaching the gospel. Queensland, the capital of the state, is headquarters for the elders. It has a population of about 250,000 situated on the Brisbane River and lies about ten miles from the ocean. Members of the Church in all parts of the state belong to this conference which extends some 1,500 miles from the north and south and about 1,200 miles from the east and west.

The people here may be divided in four classes concerning their views on religion. These are: First, those who are established in their own

churches, and there are many churches here. This class of people are always ready to show us that we are on the wrong track. Then there are those who are indifferent to religion of any kind and are, hence, willing to let things rest as they are. Third; the atheists, and fourth, those who fail to live up to the teachings of any church. Some, there are, who have seen the light of the gospel and we can truthfully say that some of the best Latter-day Saints are residing here. Of the fourth class, those of the indifferent spirit, are the most numerous by far. Our testimonies are strengthened as we talk with unbelievers. Some of their doctrines may be correct, but our religion embraces all truth, covering all that the others have and a great deal more besides with the error left out.



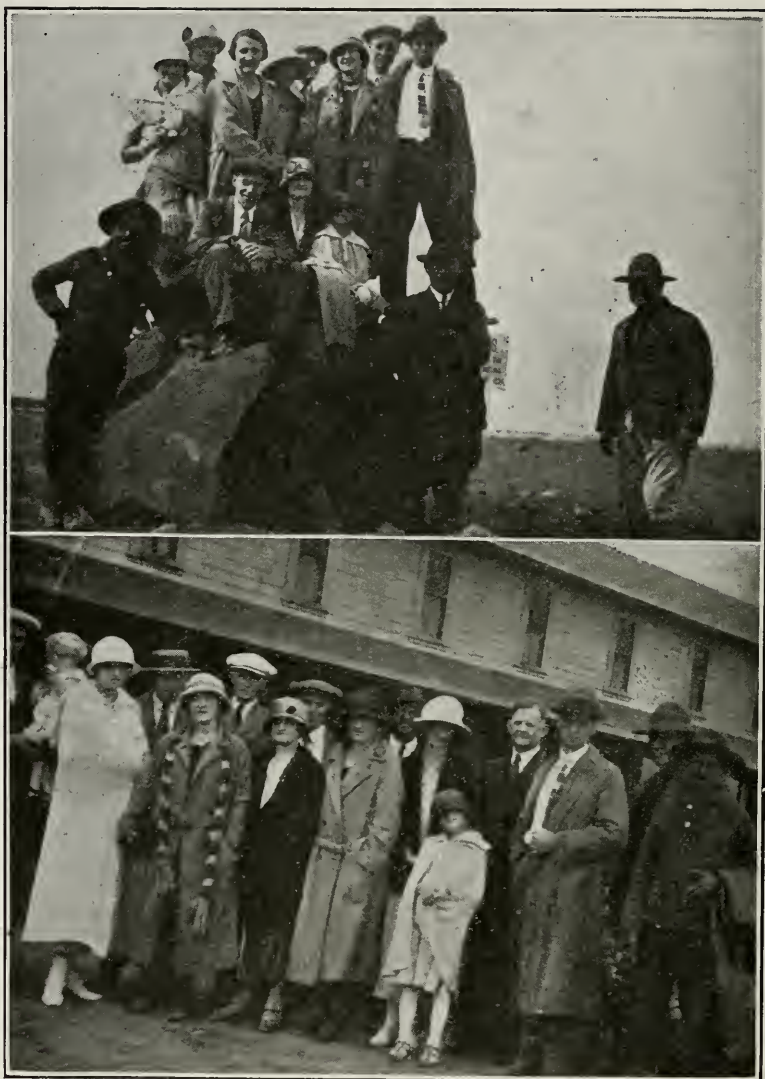
The elders left to right: standing, Carroll L. Olsen, Hyrum; Joseph Cook, Syracuse; Harry H. Simmons, Layton; Seated: Golden I. Barlow, Twin Falls, Idaho; Ellsworth W. Wilcox, conference president, Ogden; Wilford L. Storrs, American Fork.

A Trip to the Big Island of Hawaii

The annual conference for the ecclesiastical districts of Hawaii, were held during the week of February 7 to 14. On February 6, President Eugene J. Neff of the Hawaiian mission and several associates left Honolulu for Hilo, to attend these conferences. The party comprised besides President Neff, President William M. Waddoups of the Hawaiian temple, Sarah Mitchell and Marguerite Gordon of the missionary force, Brother and Sister Ezra Waddoups and two small daughters, also Vella Waddoups and Brother Anson Waddoups, who recently arrived in the islands for business purposes.

We arrived in Hilo three hours past schedule time, due to an exceedingly rough voyage. Our first meeting in Hilo was a Relief Society meeting, and the sisters were waiting for us, so we went immediately to the meeting which was followed directly by a Primary meeting and, after a short rest by a Priesthood meeting. Sunday was spent in almost continuous meeting and every one of them was exceedingly well attended and it was plain to all that Hilo chapel will soon have to be enlarged.

Monday we started on our trip around the island with Sister Effie L. Cooper, Eva Winn, Walter N. Steffen, Keola Kailimai and David Kalani. No words can express the beauty of the drive between Hilo and the Volcano of Kilauea. Ferns, flowers of every color and size, and as you go higher and higher the gradual cooling of the atmosphere and the increasing of the humidity makes it a never-to-be-forgotten ride. In the center of the Hawaiian National Park and in the midst of a dense tropical forest is the huge



Taken on an eight-ton rock ejected from the Halemaumau Pit, of the volcano of Kilauea, during the gigantic eruption of May, 1924. From the left: Miss Vella Waddoups, Mrs. Ezra Waddoups, Sarah Mitchell, Effie Cooper, Anson Waddoups, Marguerite Gordon, Dr. Ezra Waddoups, President Eugene J. Neff. Front row: Alex, the guide, President William Waddoups, Eva Ezra Waddoups, Keola Kailimai, David Kalani.

In front of Volcano House: From the left: Dr. Ezra Waddoups, Miss Vella Waddoups, Walter N. Steffen, Marguerite Gordon, Anson Waddoups, Eva Winn, President William Waddoups, Sarah Mitchell, Keola Kailimai, Effie Cooper, Ezra Waddoups, Manager of Volcano House, President Eugene J. Neff, David Kalani, Alex, the Guide, who is a Cherokee Indian.

Volcano of Kilauea with its active pit of Halemaumau, and on the brink of it, the Volcano House which is an up-to-date hotel, a "real oasis in the desert," for tourists. We spent the night there and for the first time in Hawaii we were forced to button our coats and cling closely to the fireplace. We were very happy and perhaps a good part of it may have been due to the resemblance to our somewhat frigid home in the mountains of Zion. From the Volcano we passed into the districts of Kau and during the day traveled over long stretches of lava rock, where many years ago the volcanic pit of Mauna Loa had become active and without warning had poured lava forth to such an extent that it has reached clear to the sea. During the Alike flow of 1921, a herd of cattle were grazing in direct line of the lava stream. When the lava reached the cattle it divided, flowed in two divisions, came together again on the opposite side of the herd, and today in that mass of black lava is a tiny spot of green. Truly the hand of Providence, for who, having seen, could believe that such things "just happen." We spent two nights and one day in Kona, most of the time in attending meetings, but we also had the privilege of seeing the Captain Cook Monument, raised in honor of the first white man to visit the islands of Hawaii, and who gave to them the name of Sandwich Islands. Kona at one time was a Hawaiian center, and the marks of it are still there. Among them is a famous old heiau or temple around which is the "City of Refuge." This was a place of safety for anyone evading the law, and was similar to our prisons except that an individual went there of his own free will and choice, in order to protect his life.

From Kona we went to Waimea in the district of Hamakus, visiting the Parker ranch, the largest cattle ranch in the world, and from there we went on to Kohala. Very fine conference meetings were held in all these places and our greatest regret was that we could not stay longer and become better acquainted with the Saints. We spent Sunday, February 15, in Kalapa, Hamakua holding conference there in the recently erected chapel which was filled to overflowing. That same night we traveled to Honoumuli, stopping long enough to administer to a sister living in the little village of Laupahoehoe. This sister has been bed-ridden for many years and is praying and living for enough strength of body to enable her to make the trip to the Hawaiian temple on the island of Oahu. The Saints of Honoumuli have outgrown their chapel, so we found it necessary to hold the meeting in a down-town hall, kindly donated by Brother David Kalani. It was filled to overflowing with people who had come to hear the word of the Lord. On our return to Hilo the next day we visited the beautiful Akako Falls, and on Monday afternoon reached Hilo, one week exactly from the time we started around the island.

We had three days to spend in Hilo, and we were all wondering what we were going to do with the time. Tuesday night the M Men's club, under the direction of Elder Welby McCune, entertained us, and the old time spirit of early Utah days was manifested when everyone from sixteen to sixty entered into the spirit of the occasion and played games and danced with the enthusiasm of real enjoyment. Wednesday night the Primaries of the Hilo conference, under direction of Effie L. Cooper, gave an out-door party, at which three hundred and thirty-six of the Saints attended. Numerous dinners and other kindnesses, together with our missionary duties, filled every moment of our time, until the three days passed so rapidly we hardly realized it.—*Marguerite V. Gordon.*

WHAT THEY SAY

A COLLECTION OF SENTIMENTS ON THE VALUE OF THE Y. M. M. I. A.

About twenty-six hundred poll cards were sent out in March to the General Church officials, the Patriarchs, Presidents of Stakes, High Councilors, and Bishops, and certain other officials, including members of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A. These cards, signed by the General Superintendency, contain the following:

1875—JUBILEE—1925

February, 1925

Dear Brother: The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association will celebrate their fiftieth anniversary in a general M. I. A. Jubilee conference, June 6 to 10, 1925.

Committees are appointed and at work for the auspicious occasion.

In commemoration of the Jubilee, it is decided to poll the officers of the Church to ascertain the information asked for on the attached card.

Please fill out the blank on the card and return at your earliest convenience; so that a complete record may be compiled.

We trust that you will find pleasure in advertising the Jubilee, encouraging the officers and members of our Associations to attend; and we shall be pleased, should you also honor us with your presence at the Jubilee.

Sincerely your brethren,

George Albert Smith,

Richard R. Lyman,

Melvin J. Ballard,

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY Y. M. M. I. A.

The cards called for the following response:

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Brethren: Answering your request for a poll of Church officials who have been connected with the Y. M. M. I. A., I am pleased to inform you as follows:

Name _____ Present Church Office _____

Ward _____ Stake _____

Address _____

I joined the Y. M. M. I. A. in the _____ Ward, of the _____ Stake, in the year _____

My connection as officer and member of the Y. M. M. I. A. has covered about _____ years.

I have to say in appreciation of the value that the association has been to me, that _____

Sincerely yours,

Up to the 10th of April about one-half of the responses expected have been received. It is hoped that every one will come in before the June conference. The testimonies upon the cards that have already come are very remarkable. It will not be practicable to publish all of them. A few chosen at random from the hundreds examined will indicate their quality. The figures after the respective signatures indicate the number of years covered by

membership; h. p. indicates high priest; h. c. high councilor. These expressions follow the phrase: "I have to say in appreciation of the value the Association has been to me that":

It has been valuable beyond expression.—*President Heber J. Grant*, 50.

I hope the Association will ever continue its wonderful work.—*Reed Smoot*, 49.

It has been a beacon light and guide to my conduct in life.—*A. William Lund*, 25.

It has practically made me, in an ecclesiastical sense.—*Arthur F. Miles*, St. George.

I am at least 15% more efficient than I would have been.—*James L. Dunford*, Bear Lake.

I received development and spiritual growth in it.—*Jas. P. Cameron*, h. c., Panguitch, 25.

Teaching Y. M. M. I. A. boys gave me my first real love of teaching.—*Adam S. Bennion*, 12.

It has shown me the worth of religious training in the days of our youth.—*Levi Edgar Young*, 30.

It has been like a living spring to me with fresh water at every season.—*Emil W. Weld*, h. c., 21.

It has offered a field of real service, the influence of which has been most beneficial.—*David A. Smith*, 36.

Faith-promoting, and gave me an experience in good leadership.—*George J. Cannon*, stake presidency, 30.

No other organization has so much influence over the young man in his "teens."—*Bishop Carl Robison*, Star Valley.

No labor that I have appreciated more. It has helped to make me what I am.—*David P. Thomas*, h. c., Cassia, 30.

I have majored in M. I. A. and it has been a constant source of inspiration and joy to me.—*Nicholas G. Morgan*, 26.

It has been one of the greatest aids in arousing and retaining my interest in Church work.—*Richard R. Lyman*, 18.

The M. I. A. furnished the incentive to be of public service in the Church.—*Moroni Lazenby*, patriarch, No. Sevier.

It has been one of the best educational factors entering into my life.—*Milton H. Knudson*, president Snow College, 34.

Its influence has always made for decent and upright living and should be encouraged.—*William Spry*, ex-Governor.

It gave me an opportunity for expression, in many ways, which has given me much joy and satisfaction.—*Edward H. Anderson*, 49.

It has been a great help to me throughout life. I have held every office in the ward M. I. A.—*Edwin F. Parry*, h. c. Salt Lake, 50.

I owe a large part of my development and activity in the Church to the service which I have rendered in M. I. A. work.—*LeRoi C. Snow*.

The work has been a continual joy and inspiration to me. I served as local president Y. M. M. I. A. in 1880.—*Benjamin Goddard*, 46.

It has greatly helped in my development and to make me of more efficient service to the Church and my fellow men.—*Moroni Snow*, 48.

It has helped to teach me the gospel; kept me active in the Church; and broadened my understanding of the meaning of life.—*John A. Widtsoe*, 26.

One of the most important factors for good during the years of my young manhood.—*F. S. Harris*, president Brigham Young University, 10.

My first and lasting testimony of the divinity of "Mormonism" was first obtained in the Y. M. M. I. A.—*Edmund Spencer*, h. c. Logan, 20.

Pleasant associations, higher ideals, greater faith, improved self-expression, great opportunity to serve in a magnificent cause.—*Frank L. West*, Cache.

It has been one of the best things that ever came into my life. I cannot even estimate the great value it has been to me.—*Preston D. Richards*, 29.

As a boy it prepared me for my later Church work, and as a man gave me an opportunity to share in the education of young people.—*Lyman R. Martineau*, 50.

It has been an inspiration in correct living. I quit so that my wife could teach in the Mutual while I stayed home with the babies.—*Alfred Gladwell*, Mt. Ogden.

In doctrine and in help, as to planning programs, as to training, as a presiding officer, its value has been beyond my power to estimate.—*James Gunn McKay*, 30.

It has been of much benefit to me morally, socially, intellectually and spiritually, and a factor for good in rearing my family.—*J. W. Brown*, patriarch, St. Johns.

It has been a constant inspiration, exciting my deepest interest and devotion. I regard activity in it as the most important labor of my life.—*Junius F. Wells*, 50.

I have had the opportunity for a world of preparation, covering almost every branch of knowledge. I thank my Maker for the M. I. A.—*T. L. Austin*, h. c. Bear Lake.

I regard the M. I. A. work as an education in itself, and at the same time it offers an opportunity to use one's knowledge of the gospel in service.—*Thomas A. Beal*, 37.

It gave me an ambition to be helpful to boys and to have an influence with them like the M. I. A. men had with me.—*John H. Taylor*, president Northern States Mission, 38.

Nothing in my life, I am now in my 74th year, has given me more genuine joy or been more profitable to me than my connection with the M. I. A. cause.—*Joseph A. West*, 15.

It has perhaps been the greatest single agency, so far as auxiliary organizations are concerned, in strengthening me religiously.—*Edgar M. Jenson*, president Dixie College, 23.

In addition to religious training first awakened desire to know something about literature. I was a member of the first organization formed on the Philippine Islands—*Charles R. Mabey*, Ex-Governor.

It was in this organization I made my first attempt to speak before the public, and from it I have derived more good in obtaining gospel information than from any organization.—*Joseph W. McMurrin*, 48.

M. I. A. was one of the prime factors in stimulating me in Church activities. I was called as an M. I. A. missionary in 1890, served on the General Board for years and in ward and stake offices.—*Nephi L. Morris*, stake president, 19.

I consider the Y. M. M. I. A. has the most consecutive program I have ever read for making the genuine Christian citizen. It provides spiritual, mental, physical, social and all instruction necessary to make the modern man.—*Ernest P. Horsley*, 38.

It has greatly helped me in preparation for citizenship of our country and for service in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I was a member of the first organization in Paris, Bear Lake stake, organized by Junius F. Wells about the year 1878.—*Joseph R. Shepherd*, 10.

In the M. I. A. I have gained experience which has fitted me not only for Church work, but for civil positions. It has given me an understanding of the principles of the gospel and strengthened my testimony of the truth and has been the keynote of my life's activities. I owe M. I. A. a debt I can never repay.—*Thomas Hull*, 50.

(Other testimonies will follow in future numbers of the Era.)

Editors' Table

CHURCH AND MISSION ACTIVITIES

President Heber J. Grant's opening speech at the 95th Annual Conference, follows, and gives a clear and encouraging account of the missions and activities of the Church and of his recent travels, as well as vital counsel and admonition to the Saints on matters of faith and righteous living, and concerning the divinity of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

It is very gratifying, indeed to see this immense congregation here this morning, bespeaking the interest of the Latter-day Saints in the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is customary at the opening session of our conference to give some statistics and to refer to the condition of the Church at home and abroad. I am very pleased to be able to announce that the work of the Lord is growing all over the world; and that there is never a month or a year but what the Church is stronger, spiritually and financially, than it was the month or the year previous.

Financial Statement

The following financial statement I am sure will be of interest to the people here assembled:

From the tithes of the Church there has been expended for stake and ward purposes, \$1,352,663.43.

For education, the maintenance and operation of Church schools, \$727,808.93.

For the construction, maintenance and operation of temples, \$442,018.46.

For the care of the worthy poor and other charitable purposes, including hospital treatment, \$175,520.77.

For the maintenance and operation of all the missions, and for the erection of places of worship and other buildings in the missions, \$700,664.09.

This makes a total of \$3,398,785.68, taken from the tithes for the maintenance and operation of the stakes and wards, for the maintenance and operation of Church schools and temples, for charities, and for mission activities.

In addition to charities paid out of the tithes as before named, there have also been disbursed the fast offerings and Relief Society and other charities, amounting to \$489,406.61, which amount, added to the \$175,520.77 paid from the tithes, makes a total of Church charities, \$664,927.38.

Church Growth For The Year 1924

Children blessed and entered on the records of the Church in the stakes and missions, 19,955.

Children baptized in the stakes and missions, 14,047.

Converts baptized and entered on the records of the stakes and missions, 7,556.

There are now 94 stakes of Zion, 907 wards, 70 independent branches connected with the stakes, 24 mission and 654 branches in the missions.

Social Statistics

Birth rate, 33 per thousand.

Marriage rate, 13 per thousand.

Death rate, 7.3 per thousand.

There are 160,634 persons in the Church who are married; of this number 256 persons were divorced in the year 1924.

Families owning their own homes, 72 per cent.

President C. W. Penrose Seriously Ill

As announced in the opening, President Charles W. Penrose is in a precarious condition. He sends his love to all the brethren, and desires them to know that they have his confidence in all that they may do; and his message to the Saints is to obey the law, wherever they reside.

Elder Seymour B. Young, President of the First Council of Seventy, has passed away since our last conference, having been a faithful member of the Council for something over forty years.

A Mission Home in Salt Lake City

A home on State street has been dedicated for the entertainment of missionaries, and for the purpose of giving them instructions for a week or more, prior to their departure upon their missions; and also to take care of any returning missionaries who may be stopping briefly in this city on their way home, after having filled an honorable mission. We are pleased to announce that at the dedication there was a rich outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord, and we feel assured in our hearts, judging from the inspiration of the occasion, that it will be a source of great benefit to our young men and young women who are called to go out into the mission field.

Changes in Stakes

There have been some changes in a number of the stakes, and the new men chosen to preside are as follows:

Curlew stake, Colen H. Sweeten.

Yellowstone stake, John M. White.

Nebo stake, Lee R. Taylor.

San Luis stake, James P. Jensen,

Young stake, Elmer F. Taylor.

New wards have been organized since our last meeting as follows:

Hillcrest ward, Grant stake.

Inglewood ward, Los Angeles stake.

LaGrand Second ward, Union stake.

Payson Fourth ward, Nebo stake.

Santaquin Second ward, Nebo stake.

Genola ward, Nebo stake.

Virginia City ward, Los Angeles stake.

Home Gardens ward, Los Angeles stake.

Ballard ward, Lost River stake.

New stakes organized since our last conference:

Kolob stake, President George Ray Murdock.

Palmyra stake, President Henry A. Gardner.

In addition to the death of President Seymour B. Young we announce the

death, since our last meeting, of David H. Cannon, president of the St. George temple, for many years; Bishop James A. Wright, of Bingham ward, Jordan stake, and Bishop Armond T. Rose, of North Farmington ward, South Davis stake.

Missionary Work

Perhaps no one thing in connection with the Church is as dear to the hearts of the Latter-day Saints as our missionary labor. Counting the time, the salaries that might be earned by those who are in the mission field, and the expense of maintaining them there, the Latter-day Saints are expending today something over \$2,000,000 a year for the spread of the gospel in the world.

We know that the first and most important duty for us is to love the Lord our God with all our heart, might, mind and strength; and second to that is love for our fellowmen. No people in all the world in proportion to their numbers, are giving such evidence of a love for their fellowmen, and a desire for their welfare, as are the Latter-day Saints. Our missionary work proclaims to all the world our willingness to make financial sacrifice and to labor with no hope of earthly reward, for the salvation of the souls of the children of our Father in heaven. I am sure that a general statement of the missions will be of interest to this congregation.

Each and all of the men presiding over these missions are giving the best in their power for the advancement of their missions. They are men of God, devoted to the welfare of their respective missions. And this can be said also of all the other missions, the statistics of which I shall now read, giving the name of the mission, the president, the missionaries, the membership and the Church property.

We have in the California mission, presided over most ably by President Joseph W. McMurrin, 125 missionaries. There are 8,625 people in that mission. We own Church property in that mission valued at \$289,114.04.

(Here President Grant read the information printed, in tabulated form, in this number of the *Era* at the head of "Messages from the Mission." P. 676.)

Elder James E. Talmage, President of the European Mission

Here let me mention the splendid work Elder James E. Talmage is doing presiding over the European mission. The fact that he is a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh gives him a standing in Europe that perhaps none of the rest of us could possibly have. He is receiving excellent consideration from newspapers there, and is working early and late, as he has done all his life. He is one of the most industrious, energetic men I have ever known, and is making a very splendid successor to President David O. McKay, who did such good work as the president of the European mission.

The grand total of our missionaries is 1,871; of members in the

missions, 117,340; the grand total of Church property in these missions is \$1,934,763.51, lacking but a very few dollars of \$2,000,000 of money invested in Church property throughout the world.

Certainly when we consider the limited means of the people who embrace the gospel all over the world—for the gospel seems to reach the poor—we have great cause to rejoice in the financial showing in our missions, as well as the wonderful showing financially here at home.

President Grant's Tour of Missions

Since I last had the privilege of meeting with you in general conference, I have visited the missionaries in the east, and given them instructions—in Indianapolis, Indiana; Minneapolis and St. Paul Minnesota; Detroit, Michigan, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin; also in Chicago, and held public meetings in all of these places except Chicago.

At Minneapolis we had the pleasure of dedicating a very splendid meetinghouse and recreation hall erected there, and of meeting with a most excellent class of Latter-day Saints. We have chapels also at St. Paul and Minneapolis. The Saints at Detroit and at Indianapolis are gathering funds for the purpose of assisting in erecting chapels in those places.

On Nov. 27, I left Salt Lake City for Independence to attend the funeral of my cousin and the cousin of President Joseph F. Smith, Thalia Grant Smith. The services were well attended. After that I had the privilege of holding meetings in Independence, Kansas City, and St. Louis; also at Fort Worth, San Antonio and Kelsey, Texas, and in Wichita, Kansas, and instructing the missionaries in all of these places, as well as holding public meetings, which were well attended. In a number of places we have excellent meetinghouses to meet in. In others we have rented halls.

During this trip I had the privilege of speaking before the Chamber of Commerce in Kansas City, Missouri. The secretary announced his regret that all of the six thousand members of that great body had not had the privilege of listening to my twenty minute talk. I said in reply: "I can remedy that very easily. I will have six thousand copies of this speech delivered at your office so that when you send out your next monthly statements you can enclose a copy."

He expressed his pleasure in doing it. They were printed, and delivered, and I have received many letters from men who have read the speech, expressing their pleasure in having heard or read what I had to say regarding the faith of the Latter-day Saints. In that short address, speaking very rapidly (much more rapidly than I am doing now), I quoted all the Articles of our Faith and made comments upon them. It took four columns of the *Christmas News* to print that twenty and one-half minutes speech. I rejoice that there were at least a score of influential men who shook hands with me and

expressed their pleasure in having heard the plain statement of the faith of the Latter-day Saints, as embodied in our Articles of Faith.

When I stop to reflect that the Latter-day Saints were expelled from the state of Missouri under the exterminating order of the governor of the state, then to think that representative men of one of the largest business organizations in Kansas City—one of the most progressive cities in the Union—would listen with attention and afterwards congratulate the President of the Church upon a speech in which he quoted the Articles of Faith, and some of them expressed regret that I did not have an hour instead of twenty minutes, and invited me to come back again, and take the hour, certainly we have acknowledge that God is moving in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, and that the Latter-day Saints are becoming known for what they really are—a God-fearing, upright people, who are loyal to God and to their country.

The newspapers in all these places gave me better notices and published fairer reports of the speeches I made than I have ever had before on any trip I have taken.

On January 9, I left Salt Lake City for Los Angeles, for a brief visit, feeling very much the need of a little rest. I had the pleasure, on that short trip of only ten days, of speaking in the Adams ward and the Matthews ward in Los Angeles stake.

Feb. 3, I left Salt Lake City for a visit to the California, the Central States, and the Southern States missions, first treading the sands of the Pacific, and a few days later the sands of the Atlantic. Meetings were held upon that trip, in Ocean Park, Oakland and San Francisco; also in New Orleans, in Jacksonville, Florida, and in Atlanta, Georgia.

In all these places there was a splendid attendance, and again the newspapers gave very fair notices of the meetings and of what was said. In no case was there any attempt to ridicule or belittle or to change the remarks that I had made in public, where reports were taken, or where interviews were given. Some slight mistakes were made, but they were all unintentional mistakes.

I have never enjoyed greater liberty in proclaiming the gospel than I did in some of the meetings on this last trip, lasting something over five weeks, visiting the California, the Central States and the Southern States missions.

I believe this fully covers the activities of the Church that would be of interest to the Latter-day Saints, and of my own labors since we were together six months ago.

Absolute Faith In Jesus Christ

I rejoice beyond the power with which God has endowed me to express my feelings, in the knowledge I possess regarding the divinity of

this great Latter-day work in which we, as Latter-day Saints, are engaged; and as I travel I find a lack of belief in God, and in the divinity of Jesus Christ, even among the ministers of the gospel, I rejoice in the fact that every man and woman in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has an absolute faith in God, in his individuality, and an absolute faith that Christ is the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world; that he came to the earth with a divinely appointed mission to die for the sins of the world, and that he is in very deed the head of the Church of Christ.

Upon the trip last mentioned, I cut from a newspaper a clipping which I had intended to read at this conference, but I have misplaced it. It was a recommendation by an English lord that people discard the "absurdity" of Jesus Christ as a God on earth and a Redeemer of the world, and that they accept the Mohammedan philosophy; suggesting that they could believe in all of the ethical teachings of the religion of Christ and Mohammed, but that they should get away from the absurdities of Christianity, and settle the various disputes and troubles that they were having in the Christian religion.

Wherever I read that statement—and I read it in a number of places—I took the trouble to state to the people in the various places where I preached, the position of the Latter-day Saints as to the gospel in which we believe. I quoted the vision of Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon, as follows:

“ , ,

“And this is the gospel, the glad tidings, which the voice out of the heavens bore record unto us—

“That he came unto the world, even Jesus, to be crucified for the world, and to bear the sins of the world, and to sanctify the world, and to cleanse it from all unrighteousness;

“That through him all might be saved whom the Father had put into his power and made by him;

“Who glorifies the Father, and saves all the works of his hands, except those sons of perdition who deny the Son after the Father has revealed him.”

I announced to the people that in the Church of Jesus Christ no man or woman would be admitted into the Church, or be permitted to retain fellowship who is not willing to accept this statement absolutely without mental reservation. I also read to them:

“And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony; last of all, which we give of him: That he lives!

“For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—

“That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters of God.”

I announced in those meetings, in some of which the majority of the audience were non-members of the Church, that every Latter-day Saint must subscribe to the doctrine that God himself visited the boy Joseph Smith, and that God himself introduced Jesus Christ to the boy as his well-beloved Son. I announced to these audiences

that among the Latter-day Saints there is no evidence of "modernism" so-called, and that no man or woman will be fellowshipped in this Church who denies the individuality, the personality of God, or that Jesus Christ is in very deed the Son of the living God, the Redeemer of the world.

The Word of Wisdom

I regret to say that there is becoming evident among the Saints, a lack of interest and a looseness in observing the Word of Wisdom. I regret to have heard that there are men occupying positions as bishops' counselors, and as members of high councils, who do not observe this law; that certain bishops' counselors and members of high councils are not only drinking tea and coffee, but some of them are using tobacco. No man who uses tobacco is worthy to stand as high councilor in this Church. He owes it to himself to clean himself up or step aside and allow a man with more faith, with more manhood, with more integrity to God and his laws, to take the position that he occupies.

President Wilford Woodruff from this stand, many years ago, called upon every man holding the Priesthood and occupying any office in this Church, to obey the Word of Wisdom or to resign and step aside. I reiterate that men who do not obey the Word of Wisdom are not worthy to stand as examples before the people, to be invited into private priesthood meetings and to discuss matters for the welfare of the Church of God. Their disobedience shows a lack of faith in the work of God. I shall not take your time to read all of the Word of Wisdom, but I shall take time to read the words of the living God that must be acknowledged by every Latter-day Saint to be the word of God, or he or she is not entitled to be a member of this Church. After telling us what is good for us, the Lord makes a promise that is one of the most marvelous, one of the most uplifting and inspiring promises that could possibly be made to mortal man. He says:

The Promise

"And all Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones;

"And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

What a wonderful promise; that we shall live, and that the destroyer shall have no power over us. There is a God. There is also a destroyer, the adversary of mankind, and it is his business to tempt men to commit sin. It is his business to inspire men to commit suicide. It is his business to try to destroy, through disease, those who are afflicted.

An Illustration of the Destroyer Rebuked

I shall never forget the occasion when a friend appealed to me, upon learning that the doctor had announced that his daughter, stricken with diphtheria, would die before morning. He asked me to pray for that daughter, and after leaving his office I prayed with all the earnestness of my soul that God would heal that girl. While praying, the inspiration came to me; "The power of the living God is here on the earth. The Priesthood is here. Hurry! Hurry! Get John Henry Smith; go and rebuke the power of the destroyer, and the girl shall live."

The doctor waiting upon that girl said she could not live till morning; but when morning came he explained that he could not comprehend it, and that he believed the girl was going to get well. He could not refrain from expressing his surprise at the change in the girl's condition over night. The power of the living God rebuked the destroyer.

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

The Lord has told us through the Prophet Joseph Smith:

"If a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life, through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come."

No man who breaks the Word of Wisdom can gain the same amount of knowledge and intelligence in this world as the man who obeys that law. I don't care who he is or where he comes from, his mind will not be as clear, and he cannot advance as far and as rapidly and retain his power as much as he would if he obeyed the Word of Wisdom.

Tithes and Real Prosperity

The law of financial prosperity to the Latter-day Saints, under covenant with God, is to be an honest tithpayer, and not to rob the Lord in tithes and offerings. Prosperity comes to those who observe the law of tithing; and when I say prosperity I am not thinking of it in terms of dollars and cents alone, although as a rule the Latter-day Saints who are the best tithpayers are the most prosperous men, financially; but what I count as real prosperity, as the one thing of all others that is of greatest value to every man and woman living, is the growth in a knowledge of God, and in a testimony, and in the power to live the gospel and to inspire our families to do the same. That is prosperity of the truest kind. I would rather die in poverty knowing that my family could testify that, to the best of the ability with which God had endowed me, I had observed his laws and kept his commandments, and by my example, had proclaimed the gospel, than to have all the wealth of the world.

Our Religion The Truth

Either we have the truth, and this gospel called "Mormonism," is in very deed the plan of life and salvation, the power of God unto salvation, through his Son Jesus Christ, and by following its teachings the greatest of all the gifts of God to man, namely, life eternal, will be ours, or it is not the truth.

God has given to men and women all over the wide world, seeking for the light of his spirit, in answer to humble prayers, a testimony and a knowledge that this gospel is exactly what it purports to be—that it is the truth, that it will stand, forever, and that those who live it shall be exalted eternally in the presence of our heavenly Father, and his Son, our Redeemer.

Closing Testimony

May God help each and every one of us who have a knowledge of the divinity of this work to so live that other men seeing our good deeds, may glorify God and be led to investigate the plan of life and salvation. I bear witness to you here today, that I know God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith was and is a prophet of the true and living God, that he was a martyr, that he gave his life for this cause, and that his blood bears witness to the integrity, the honesty and inspiration of his mission as a prophet of the living God, because he was true even unto death. May God help us one and all to live the truth, is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus. Amen.

A Correction

In the article, "The Valley of Fire," by Edwin G. Wells, Logandale, Nevada, in the *April Era*, a clipping was by error added from a "recent news item," not intended to go under the name of Mr. Wells, nor in his communication. There are erroneous statements in the "news item" referred to of which he says:

"Pueblo Grande was not inhabited by a race of giants with an average height of over 7 feet, but was inhabited by a small people only slightly over 5 feet in height. The skeletons referred to have averaged very little over 5 feet. I think one large skeleton was found. The error makes my position disagreeable. My friends who know the facts of the buried city wonder why I should make such a mistake."

The "news item" was added to Mr. Wells' article in error, and it should not be considered as his communication. It had been clipped from a newspaper item and should not have gone in under his name.—A.

Priesthood Quorums

Ward Teachers' Stake Convention

A company of 796 people met in the Highland Park chapel of the Granite stake on Thursday evening, March 26, in a ward teachers' convention. The bishops and counselors and their wives, the ward teachers and their wives and the clerks of the stake and their wives, and 348 laboring teachers, were present. It appeared from the reports made that the percentage of visits made during the month of March was 94, so that nearly all the families of the stake had been visited. The congregation was addressed by Adam S. Bennion, superintendent of Church Schools, on "The Observance of the Sabbath Day," a theme taken up in the stake by the ward teachers for April; also treated in the Home Evening program. President Frank Y. Taylor spoke on the latter subject, promising those who would observe this evening faithfully that none of their children should be lost. At the close of the meeting in the recreation hall interesting and artistic musical exercises were rendered, and the M. I. A. presented several acts in singing, dancing, reading, etc.

The Melchizedek Priesthood Study

Subject: Doctrines of the Church Text: *A Study of the Articles of Faith*

LESSON 23: THE BOOK OF MORMON (Continued)

Text: Chapter 14, pages 264-272

Consider each topic in the text. Give particular attention to the arrangement of the component books in the Book of Mormon. Try to get the spirit of the solemn declaration made by the witnesses. Consult Appendix 14.

LESSON 24: THE BOOK OF MORMON (Continued)

Text: Chapter 14, pages 273-282

Consider all the topics presented in the text. Of these, the fulfilment of Book of Mormon prophecies is among the most important.

LESSON 25: THE BOOK OF MORMON (Continued)

Text: Chapter 15, pages 283-293

Follow the text. Consider well the last topic, page 293.

LESSON 26: DIVINE REVELATION

Text: Chapter 16, pages 296-302

Consider every topic in the text. Compare thoughtfully revelation with inspiration. Divine revelation in ancient times is generally admitted by believers in the Holy Bible; cite scriptures other than Biblical on this subject.

LESSON 27: DIVINE REVELATION (Continued)

Text: Chapter 16, pages 302-311

Stress the consistency of present-day revelation in view of the fact that divine revelation was usual in ancient times. Show the necessity of current revelation. Cite scriptural assurances as to future revelation to the Church.

The Deacons' Meeting

BY RALPH OLPIN, PLEASANT GROVE L. D. S. SEMINARY, A DEACON

Fellow deacons and holders of the Priesthood: I desire to discuss the quorum meeting and its purposes. In most cases the deacons meet with all the priesthood for opening exercises. After separation it is best to have a song and prayer unless you have to stay in the same room.

Who should take charge of the meeting, the class or the president? It is the duty of the president along with his counselors. After singing and prayer the secretary should call the roll. Every member's name should be called. After this, he should read brief minutes of the previous meeting. Then those who have been assigned special duties should give report. Some may wonder what is meant by this. Each week there are certain duties of the deacons to be done. Some of these are: Passing the sacrament, taking care of the sacrament set, gathering monthly fast offerings, ushering, acting as messenger to the bishop, cleaning the meetinghouse, outside activities, and missionary work to interest absent and inactive members.

After these reports the president should assign duties for the following week. Let us mention some of these duties. The sacrament should be passed in an orderly way. The president will assign enough of the members present at the meeting to pass the sacrament the following Sunday. Each should know his place and be as quiet as possible; in dress, neat, hands and face clean, hair combed, shoes blacked. It is the duty of the deacons to deliver the sacrament set to the person who washes it and also to see that it is on hand at Sunday school. The president should appoint someone in the quorum meeting to see to this. Following each meeting two or three deacons should be appointed to visit the homes of those who did not give their fast offering in meeting. A member of the presidency should see to the fast gathering or observe any instructions that the bishop of the ward may give to the deacons. In some wards deacons are assigned to usher the people to the place where they will be most comfortable. This duty should be carried on in orderly manner by deacons appointed in the quorum meeting. A deacon should always be prepared to act as messenger for the bishop. If the bishop has an important message for the people he may ask the deacons to carry it to them, and the deacons so appointed should respond to the call promptly. In some wards it is left to the deacons to clean and heat the meetinghouse. The necessary number for this duty should be appointed in quorum meeting. On Saturday they should sweep and dust. They should respect the House of the Lord and not yell, run, or use improper language in it.

Such outside duties as cutting wood for widows should also be taken care of in quorum meeting. If there are any inactive members in the quorum, active members should be appointed to go and get them to try to attend to their duties.

Now as to other things, if any new deacon has been ordained and is to be a member of the quorum he should be accepted by a vote of the members. Any other business that the members may have should be taken up in the meeting at the proper time and place.

It is all right for deacons to have their sport, as athletic contests between quorums, as long as they attend to their duties. In each quorum meeting there should be a lesson given which should be taken from the outline for deacons' study provided by the Church. This should be given under the direction of the class leader, and all the deacons should be given a chance to take parts of the lesson to prepare and deliver. In closing the quorum meeting there should be an appropriate song and one of the members should offer the benediction.

I wonder how many of us know the purpose of the quorum meeting? One purpose is to develop a devotional attitude, to learn how to show our

respect to the most high God. We learn the sacred hymns and each member is given a chance to pray. When he has a part of the lesson to give, and he stands up before the rest of the deacons, it gives him some practice that will be of great benefit to him all his life, especially if he goes on a mission. He will be better able to teach and preach the gospel and bear his testimony with dignity and without fear. He learns his duties and how to perform them so that he may be worthy of promotion. He also learns to respect the meetinghouse because it is the duty of a deacon to maintain order. This is quite a difficult problem, because at the age of the deacons it is hard to keep quiet. In the winter the boys have a tendency to enter the building before stamping the snow off their feet. Sometimes they take their sleighs in and drop them down, making a noise. This should be stopped.

"Behold, mine house is a house of order, saith the Lord God, and not a house of confusion." Doc. and Cov. 132:8. "Therefore, cease from all your light speeches, from all laughter, from all your lustful desires, from all your pride and light-mindedness, and from all your wicked doings. Appoint among yourselves a teacher, and let not all be spokesmen at once; but let one speak at a time, and let all listen unto his sayings, that when all have spoken that all may be edified of all, and that every man may have an equal privilege." Doc. and Cov. 88:121, 122.

Therefore, fellow deacons, after the Lord has given us these commandments, why should the Lord's servants appointed to keep order, make a noise and cause confusion?

May we all be able to do our duty as deacons and keep God's commandments and be true servants in honoring our office in the Priesthood.

Pleasant Grove, Utah



This unusually good little snap shot showing the north and west sides of the Canadian temple was taken by M. J. Rasmussen at Cardston before the dedication while a company of tourists were being shown through the building. At present the trees are very much taller, but the hundreds of tourists are no longer to be seen gathered there.—*Maud B. Rasmussen, Magrath, Alberta, Canada.*

Mutual Work

Superintendents and Ward Officers

Please make announcement in all public meetings of the Jubilee celebration in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Y. M. M. I. A., to be held in Salt Lake City, June 6-10, 1925.

Committees are at work preparing to make it one of the most notable occasions in the history of our organization, as well as in the annals of the Church. We trust that as many as possible will avail themselves of the opportunity to join in the celebration. The main features will be a religious program, business meetings, a pageant and a parade.

M. I. A. in Germany

Dean Dinwoodey, mission secretary, Swiss-German mission, Basel, Switzerland, March 17: "Concerted effort was begun last fall to organize Mutuals in the branches of this mission patterned after the organizations in Zion. We are meeting with great success. Last fall we issued a booklet detailing the purposes and organization and work of the Mutual, outlining the different activities, together with three adequate sized manuals for courses of study. In some of our organizations we have as many as five classes, including a troop of boy scouts. We are preparing manuals for the year 1925-1926 and will be glad to use the manuals in English for the preparation of the same. To that end, kindly forward us manuals of the Y. M. M. I. A. used in the different classes in 1922, '23 and '24. We have the Advanced Senior lessons which appear in the *Improvement Era*."

Granite Stake Merry-Go-Round

On the evening of March 24 the Granite stake M. I. A. conducted a merry-go-round in which all the wards of the stake participated. Each ward had a different act and each act was seen in each of the wards. Many thousands of people, assembled in the nine wards of the stake, were delighted with the splendid presentation which consisted of the following program: Emerson, "Over the Garden Wall;" Forest Dale, "Fine Feathers;" Hawthorne, "The Wild Rose;" Highland Park, "The Four Musketeers;" Nibley Park, "Baby Blues;" Parleys, "Seven Stages of Life;" Richards, "Spring;" Sugar House, "The Spirit of Mutual;" Wasatch, "Memories of India." The stage display, the music from the various orchestras and musicians, the acting, dancing, costuming, delighted all who witnessed it. Richards ward won the prize.

Summer and Jubilee Instructions

At the semi-annual meeting of the Y. M. M. I. A. officers, held on Monday morning, April 6, at 8:30, there was a fairly good attendance. A male chorus, after prayer by Parley P. Black of the Lost River stake, sang, "Till the Victory's Won," by B. Cecil Gates. General Superintendent George Albert Smith presided. He pointed out that our Church and organization is among the leaders of the world in many community activities. He urged that our position be maintained, and counseled the parents to make a closer companionship and association with their children. Executive Director Oscar A. Kirkham discussed the contest work for the June Jubilee, outlines of which ap-

peared in the April number of the *Era*. He suggested that fathers and sons' outings be planned now, in order that this activity may be made a complete success in all the stakes. He also discussed the relationship of the Boy Scout movement to the Y. M. M. I. A., and made it plain that the teaching of religious instruction should be given by scoutmasters so that the purpose of scouting in our organizations may not be misdirected. He also stated that paid experts must be employed to direct the scouts in the various councils. Elder Thomas Hull of the General Board stated that the primary object of the M. I. A. work is to implant a testimony of the gospel in the hearts of its members. Some activities, while temporal, must yet be founded on faith, for the basis and intent of our work is spiritual and the activities are only a means to an end. Elder Junius F. Wells spoke on the preparation for the parade June 10, and Elder Edward H. Anderson urged extensive advertising of the Jubilee celebrations through the various stakes of the Church, including notices in meetings and in the local press. A general discussion of problems of the Y. M. M. I. A. was conducted. The benediction was pronounced by President Edward J. Wood, of the Alberta stake.

M Men, Oakland Y. M. M. I. A., California



This picture represents the M Men of the Oakland branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This class has recently been organized and are taking hold of the program of work as outlined with great enthusiasm. The young men are shown here signing the constitution as charter members. They all enjoy the spirit of the gospel and one may expect to hear many praise worthy things in the near future from this class of young men.—Oakland Y. M. M. I. A., G, Marion Gates.

Recreation Leadership Institutes

Commencing with the week of Jan. 26, a series of institutes in Recreation Leadership, under direction of the General Boards of M. I. A., were

conducted for the stakes in and adjacent to Salt Lake, Ogden, Logan and Provo. The opening session was held in Ogden on Mon. evening, Jan. 26, and met thereafter each Mon. evening until Mar. 2. In Logan the sessions were held on Fri. evening, in Salt Lake on Thurs. evening. In Provo, American Fork, Spanish Fork and Payson on Wednesdays and Saturdays. More than 2,500 M. I. A. leaders attended these institutes. Oscar A. Kirkham, executive director of the Y. M. M. I. A., had charge of the Institutes. Elder Melvin J. Ballard, of the General Superintendency, Ephraim E. Erickson, and Claude C. Cornwall, of the General Board of M. I. A., Miss Ann Nebeker of the General Board of Primary, W. O. Robinson, Special Field worker of the M. I. A., Miss Wilma Jeppson, of the Brigham Young University, and Miss Marjorie Gowans of the Deseret Gymnasium, took charge of the department sessions.

Each evening the group met in general session for the first hour, where problems of supervision and items of general interest were presented. Then the group divided into four sections: Child, Adolescence, Adult, and Community; and there studied recreational needs and interests for these various age groups. The third period was devoted to special programs with helpful suggestions given by demonstration from the various stakes. At the conclusion of the course a mimeographed booklet was presented to each enrolled member, containing a complete summary of all material and suggestions presented during the course.

Advanced Senior Class, Wandamere, Grant Stake



This class has done well during the past season in helping to make the association a success. The population of the ward is 750. The class has an average attendance of thirty-two—the best record of any class of its kind in the stake. The picture shows the class with the following persons in the front row reading from left to right: A. T. Shurtleff, bishop; James Jack, second counselor. These are not members of the class, however, but have supported the work in many ways. John Laxman, president of the Y. M. M. I. A.; and Neve Fox; Louise DeJong, Dora Midgley, Emma Maxwell, presidency of the Y. L. M. I. A.; Savella H. Strong, teacher of the class; M. Boutista, a Lamanite brother who has recently filled a mission in Old Mexico; Barnard Medaline, a Jewish brother who has been a member of our Church only about four months. Besides the people named, the class

consists of the officers of the Relief Society, the Sunday School, the elders' quorum and other leading officers of the ward, all of whom are enrolled and in regular attendance. Many others are good, loyal members whose names space will not permit mentioning. However, it will readily be seen that the success of the class is due to the unity and faithfulness of the members of the ward in general who are anxiously engaged in the good cause and do many things of their own free will and bring to pass much righteousness. Wishing the *Era* success in its splendid work, very respectfully.—*Savella H. Strong*, class leader.

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, March, 1925

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Bear River.....	476	12	12	91	199	160	21	124	595	62	87	87	100	336	
Benson.....	758	13	13	124	140	204	115	252	835	98	73	112	49	139	471
Box Elder.....	786	13	13	111	301	184	36	301	933	89	138	91	17	207	542
Cache.....	520	8	8	94	55	159	---	276	584	70	20	91	---	110	291
Carbon.....	360	9	5	44	108	54	28	89	323	30	29	23	14	55	151
Cottonwood.....	681	10	10	110	80	240	---	242	672	81	33	131	---	179	424
Deseret.....	435	12	12	96	254	129	83	138	700	72	180	90	60	109	511
Duchesne.....	300	10	10	71	93	63	21	86	334	56	70	48	16	60	250
Emery.....	494	9	7	52	58	137	---	172	419	42	36	102	---	134	314
Granite.....	911	9	9	97	100	238	95	250	780	84	80	165	50	170	549
Grant.....	1047	12	12	129	266	108	111	394	1008	113	63	123	83	269	651
Hyrum.....	500	10	10	75	169	166	---	201	611	67	114	116	---	140	437
Jordan.....	793	16	12	67	141	236	314	---	758	73	59	95	154	---	381
Juab.....	343	5	4	40	74	99	---	116	329	30	39	53	---	48	170
Kanab.....	210	6	6	59	69	40	---	89	257	32	50	28	---	60	170
Liberty.....	1326	12	12	127	280	359	172	414	1352	103	165	188	102	302	860
Millard.....	570	9	6	53	98	79	---	127	357	33	42	36	---	44	155
Morgan.....	198	8	8	62	118	44	11	96	331	52	78	34	9	78	251
Mount Ogden.....	519	8	8	69	133	185	211	---	598	58	65	104	135	---	362
Nebo.....	480	9	5	42	79	69	35	119	344	31	40	21	22	73	187
North Davis.....	451	7	7	63	99	151	17	164	495	45	40	42	10	89	226
North Sanpete.....	730	10	8	81	147	166	39	292	725	55	44	82	42	105	328
North Weber.....	713	17	15	128	147	220	---	270	765	91	73	127	---	175	466
Ogden.....	792	10	10	97	209	235	---	306	847	74	141	146	---	224	585
Oquirrh.....	420	5	5	55	61	90	44	170	420	42	24	35	20	106	227
Palmyra.....	493	8	7	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
Parowan.....	463	8	7	64	167	111	44	100	486	38	88	67	37	69	299
Pioneer.....	777	10	8	82	77	177	82	190	608	63	30	85	40	125	343
St. George.....	654	15	15	128	172	157	82	198	737	78	105	124	45	131	483
Salt Lake.....	1063	12	12	138	153	187	154	320	295	110	65	96	93	190	554
San Juan.....	173	4	4	37	58	69	21	83	268	24	40	39	14	42	159
Sevier.....	353	6	6	51	84	104	12	139	390	32	52	60	10	108	262
South Davis.....	503	8	8	80	106	149	23	366	724	67	59	73	14	143	356
South Sonpete.....	440	7	7	57	72	169	29	181	508	34	9	63	22	101	229
South Sevier.....	285	8	7	51	89	53	19	72	284	38	43	28	6	48	163
Tintic.....	254	5	5	38	99	46	---	147	330	25	32	16	---	71	144
Utah.....	1100	15	15	131	164	299	---	430	1024	107	106	177	---	328	718
Weber.....	655	8	8	77	124	171	82	192	646	60	37	61	43	106	307
Bear Lake.....	363	11	9	58	76	110	---	133	377	46	46	62	---	68	222
Bingham.....	530	12	11	103	169	90	45	130	537	64	115	69	18	84	350
Blackfoot.....	514	12	11	88	169	119	10	127	513	58	85	58	5	81	287
Burley.....	315	9	9	76	130	95	10	131	442	62	62	42	2	62	230
Cassia.....	169	5	5	42	67	26	42	54	231	30	41	19	22	32	144
Curlew.....	124	6	3	22	43	30	---	35	130	15	16	16	---	22	69

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Millard	6	5	10	9	7	10	10	9	10	10	86
Morgan	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	98
Mount Ogden	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
Nebo	10	5	4	4	3	6	1	3	6	6	48
North Davis	10	5	9	10	10	10	10	10	7	10	91
North Sanpete	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	93
North Weber	10	6	8	7	5	8	7	10	10	8	79
Ogden	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Oquirrh	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	95
Palmyra	10	7	10	10	9	10	9	6	9	8	88
Parowan	10	6	10	10	10	10	9	9	9	6	89
Pioneer	8	6	8	10	7	8	7	7	8	8	77
St. George	10	7	10	6	5	10	9	9	9	8	83
Salt Lake	9	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	95
San Juan	10	6	8	10	5	3	10	7	10	3	82
Sevier	10	10	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	97
South Davis	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
South Sanpete	10	4	10	7	10	10	10	7	10	9	87
South Sevier	10	6	8	8	6	8	8	9	9	8	80
Tintic	10	4	8	10	8	10	10	10	7	9	86
Utah	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	98
Weber	10	5	10	9	9	10	9	10	10	10	92
Bear Lake	10	6	7	7	3	8	7	7	8	9	72
Bingham	10	7	10	9	9	10	10	10	8	10	93
Blackfoot	10	6	10	5	7	10	10	10	10	10	88
Burley	10	6	8	7	7	10	10	9	9	10	86
Cassia	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	9	93
Curlew	10	5	5	5	4	4	5	2	2	2	45
Franklin	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	95
Fremont	10	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	97
Idaho	10	6	7	10	8	9	9	10	8	8	85
Lost River	10	6	7	7	7	5	7	7	5	7	68
Malad	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Minidoka	10	6	8	5	9	10	9	10	9	6	82
Montpelier	10	6	10	8	8	10	10	10	10	10	92
Oneida	10	6	10	10	7	10	8	8	9	8	86
Pocatello	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Portneuf	10	10	7	4	2	8	6	7	10	7	71
Raft River	7	5	2	---	---	10	7	10	3	10	54
Rigby	10	5	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	8	91
Shelley	10	6	10	8	8	10	10	10	9	9	93
Teton	8	10	9	2	3	9	10	7	10	10	78
Twin Falls	9	6	7	5	5	7	9	8	10	7	72
Yellowstone	10	6	9	7	8	10	8	7	8	7	80
Alberta	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Big Horn	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	90
Juarez	10	10	10	4	2	10	4	10	8	10	78
Lethbridge	10	7	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
Maricopa	10	6	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	95
Los Angeles	10	13	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	98
St. Joseph	10	6	7	8	---	10	8	8	7	8	72
Star Valley	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Taylor	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Union	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Woodruff	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Young	10	5	8	---	4	8	6	6	7	6	60
Calif Mission	10	10	9	3	3	9	9	6	3	8	70
N. W. States	10	10	9	1	1	10	7	7	---	8	65

Passing Events

Talifer, a Chinese city of 50,000 population was destroyed by earthquake, on March 19.

The extra session of the U. S. Senate, which commenced on March 4, adjourned March 18, after having confirmed most of the nominations made by President Coolidge.

Marquis Curzon died, March 20, 1925. He collapsed on March 5 at Cambridge, while dressing to attend a public dinner. Four days later he underwent a serious operation, from the effects of which he did not recover.

Governor Geo. H. Dern vetoed the bill, passed by the Utah legislature, permitting the use of schoolhouses for religious purposes, half an hour after the school hours, on the ground that the constitution of the state prohibits the use of schoolhouses for religious purposes at any time.

The first German presidential election, March 29, resulted in no election. Jarres had 10,400,000 votes, but the other six candidates had all in all 17,393,000. The successful candidate must have a majority over all. Ludendorff had only 337,000 votes, being the lowest on the list.

"Birth Control" was recommended by a meeting of physicians in New York, March 29, and a resolution was passed to that effect. A telegram on the subject was sent to President Coolidge by Mrs. Margaret Sanger, urging him to help the cause along by forming a "federal birth rate commission."

A Hebrew university was dedicated, April 1, in Jerusalem by the Earl of Balfour in the presence of 7,000 persons. Representatives of educational institutions from all over the world were present. The university stands on Mt. Scopus, at an altitude of 3,000 feet above the surrounding valleys. The amphitheater overlooks the Mount of Olives with its many graves.

Mrs. Augusta Braddock Clayton, a pioneer of 1848, died February 13, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Rose R. Jackson, in Oakland, Cal., of ailments due to old age. She was the widow of William Clayton, and came across the plains, when a girl of 15, in one of the handcart companies of 1848. She was born in Bedfordshire, England, November 24, 1833.

Mrs. Ellen Fenn Savage, widow of the late C. R. Savage of Salt Lake died at Santa Monica, Calif., according to advices received by her sister, Mrs. Victoria Thurman of Salt Lake. Mrs. Savage was born in England, Nov. 14, 1843, migrated to Salt Lake City, Sept. 19, 1854, she moved to the present site of Provo the year following, residing there the major part of her life.

Senator Reed Smoot suffered a general breakdown on March 13 at his office in Washington, and was recommended a two weeks' complete rest in bed. The attack which Senator Smoot suffered at his office, the doctors, one of them Dr. G. Gill Richards, of Salt Lake, said was merely a symptom of his general run-down condition. Senator Smoot attended the General Conference of the Church, April 4-7, and appeared in good health.

Funeral services for Joshua H. Kimball, son of the late Heber C. and Sarah Ann Whitney Kimball, who died in California, April 6, were held in Los Angeles April 8. Interment was in Inglewood cemetery. He was born in Salt Lake City in 1864. Two years ago he went to California for his health. He is survived by his widow and six children. Hugh M. Kimball, a son, is on his way home from Germany, where he has been on a mission.

John Brown, an early settler, now 93 years of age, died at the family home in Salt Lake City, April 10, 1925. He was born in Limsfield, Surrey, England, 20 miles north of London. When 19 he went to London and joined the Church in Oct. 15, 1851, being baptized at Pentonville Baths. With his family he sailed for America, June 4, 1863, arriving in Salt Lake in October of the same year after a most arduous journey across the plains. He helped to construct the Gardo House and the Salt Lake temple.

Richard Phillips Morris passed away, April 2, at the Glendale sanitarium in Los Angeles. He was born in Salt Lake City, December 23, 1855, the son of Richard Vaughan and Hannah Phillips Morris, one of the Welsh families who came to Utah from the old country in 1855. Mr. Morris was elected city councilman from the Third precinct for two terms. For three successive terms, he was chosen city treasurer, and in 1904 he was elected mayor of Salt Lake for one term. In the city election of 1912 Mr. Morris was chosen for city commissioner.

Samuel E. Woolley died, Friday, April 3, 1925, at the L. D. S. hospital of complications arising from heart trouble. He was for 26 years president of the Hawaiian mission, where he managed the sugar plantation and other interests of the Church. He was born in Salt Lake, October 22, 1859, the son of S. W. and Maria A. Woolley. He had been active since his youth in church affairs and had spent many years as a missionary. He was one of the leaders in the movement for the construction of the Hawaiian temple. He had made his home in Salt Lake the past three years.

The nomination of Charles R. Warren for attorney general was rejected by the U. S. Senate, for the second time, by a vote of 46 to 39. At the first roll call the nomination failed on a tie vote and the temporary absence of the vice president. The opponents of Mr. Warren claim that his intimate connection with big corporations disqualifies him for the office. But the real issue seems to have been whether the senate has the constitutional right to prevent the president from selecting his own advisers. However, President Coolidge, March 17, nominated John G. Sargent of Vermont, attorney general, and the nomination was promptly confirmed, and thus ended the controversy.

President Rey L. Pratt of the Mexican mission was set apart as a member of the First Seven Presidents of Seventies by President A. W. Ivins on April 7, 1925. He was chosen a member of the first council following the death of President Seymour B. Young, Dec. 15, 1924. He was first ordained a seventy by President Rulon S. Wells of the first council, at Juarez, Mexico, Sept. 23, 1911 and on that same day was set apart as president of the ninety-ninth quorum of seventies. President B. H. Roberts, of the Eastern States Mission, senior president in the first council, automatically succeeded President Young as president of the council, Dec. 15, 1924. He was first set apart a member of the First Seven Presidents of Seventies by President Lorenzo Snow in October, 1888.

The cornerstone for the Mormon Battalion monument was laid, April 7, on the southeastern part of Capitol grounds. On account of the inclement weather, the greater part of the program was carried out in the rotunda. Hundreds of people were present. The Rev. John Carver of Ogden offered the invocation. B. H. Roberts, chairman of the commission, delivered the opening address. Mrs. May Belle T. Davis, secretary, related the history of the movement for the monument. Mayor Clarence C. Neslen gave a description of Battalion relics. Mrs. Mary J. Clawson presented Governor Dern with a silver trowel, and President Heber J. Grant was introduced as the successor of Brigham Young, who called the Battalion into being. Governor Dern laid the cornerstone and President Grant offered the dedicatory prayer.

Thomas E. Jeremy passed away at his residence in Salt Lake City March 22, after several weeks of illness. He was known as a pioneer salt manufacturer of Utah, and he was at one time a city councilman. He was born in Carmarthenshire, South Wales, Dec. 1, 1839. At the age of 10, his parents, Thomas E. and Sarah Evans Jeremy, left Wales with their seven children in the first company of Saints to come to Utah from that land. After a seven weeks' ocean voyage they landed at New Orleans. En route up the Mississippi river to Council Bluffs, cholera broke out. Three of Mr. Jeremy's sisters were victims. When the Black Hawk war broke out he volunteered and saw service in southern Utah counties. In addition to his business and Church activities, Mr. Jeremy was a director of the Cambrian association.

L. D. S. Missionaries were cruelly assaulted by a mob in Mexico on Friday, March 13, 1925 at Tenango, near Amecameca, state of Mexico, according to a letter received by President Anthony W. Ivins from President Rey L. Pratt, of the Mexican mission. Elder Leland Mortensen of Ciudad, Juarez, an American citizen, and Elder Abdon Aragon, a native missionary, were visiting a family of Latter-day Saints at Tenango. The Mexican mob attacked the elders thinking they were representatives of a separatist who is attempting to establish a new Catholic church in the Republic of Mexico, repudiating the pope at Rome and all ecclesiastical authorities outside of the republic. The butts of rifles, knives, clubs and stones were used by the mobbers, and the elders were beaten unconscious. They were taken to a schoolhouse, and when they came to their senses were instructed to kiss the cross and confess. On refusal they were beaten again and left. They were taken to the American hospital at Mexico City, and the mission authorities and governmental officials were advised of the matter. The trouble is being investigated by the American consul at Mexico City. Three police officials were with the mob, and offered no protection.

An unusual phenomenon was observed in the southwestern portion of the sky in Salt Lake City on Monday afternoon, April 6, shortly after the close of the general conference of the Church. It consisted of what to the common observer appeared to be two suns, surrounded by not less than four halos, some intersecting each other and shining in all the brilliant colors of the rainbow, although the sky was almost cloudless. The beautiful display was witnessed by hundreds of wondering spectators. The writer observed it at 5:15 p. m. How long it had been in the sky then, he knows not. It was still visible, though faint, at 5:45. The cause, says Mr. Alter, the local weatherman, is a thin sheet of moisture, frozen to snow and ice in the high cirrus clouds. The ice prisms divide the light which is subject to reflection from the snow sheet and refraction on its course through the atmosphere. The result is a number of groups of concentric light circles whose diameters increase in multiples of 1, 2, 3, etc. The light is separated as it would be when passed through an ice prism, the red being nearest the source of light. Where the circles cross the doubling up of light causes bright spots which are called parhelia or mock-suns. Sailors call these "sun dogs."

A number of visitations in various parts of the world have been recorded lately. On March 18, portions of Missouri, Illinois and Indiana were swept by a tornado, which destroyed a number of little towns and left over 3,000 dead or injured in its wake. The wind was so powerful at Parrish that bodies were carried more than a mile, it was reported. At Murphysboro, where the dead totaled 100, a school house was blown down over the heads of 245 pupils, while at Desoto late estimates placed the dead at 100 and the injured at 300, out of a total population of 703. A schoolhouse at Desoto also was razed and only three of the 250 occupants escaped unhurt, while eighty-eight bodies were taken from the ruins. In some places where

the twisting wind struck hardest whole buildings were moved from their foundation, a grain elevator at Desoto having been carried intact some forty feet to the middle of a road. Churches and schools seemed to have suffered most. Twenty-six cities and towns in five states, reported heavy loss of life. Fire completed the destruction of large sections of many cities. From Cape Girardeau, Missouri, to Elizabeth, Ind., with a separate tornado over Witham, Tenn., and into central Kentucky. Principal cities affected: Murphysboro, De Soto and West Frankfort, in Illinois and Griffin, Owensville and Princeton, in Indiana and Witham, Tenn. Heaviest loss of life and property destruction reported in Murphysboro. The property loss is estimated at \$150,000,000. Famine and sickness, especially tetanus, add horrors to the disaster.

In Peru, the city of Trujillo, founded by Pizarro in 1535, was swept by a destructive flood, on March 18.

On the same day, Tokio was terrified by a fire that destroyed 3,000 houses and rendered 20,000 people homeless. Our government at once cabled to Tokio, asking whether American help was needed to care for the homeless.

At Palm Beach, Fla., the same day, the famous Breakers hotel and a smaller hotel, together with some cottages were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of between four and five million dollars. It was reported that some children and aged persons had perished in the flames.

Books

We have received of Augusta W. Grant, Elizabeth F. Ivins, Alice K. Smith, Ann D. Groesbeck and Susa Young Gates, a copy of *Memorial to Elizabeth Claridge McCune*, written by Susa Young Gates and comprising about 120 pages, beautifully illustrated. The book contains a recital of the life of Mrs. McCune's husband and his family history, followed by a sketch of Mrs. McCune, missionary, philanthropist and architect, with a number of tributes to her character and ability from her near friends. There is also a genealogy of both family lines with a sketch of Samuel Claridge, father of Mrs. McCune, and a well known Utah pioneer and Church worker. The book also contains a full account of the impressive funeral services in honor of Mrs. McCune, held in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, August 3, 1924. The former residence of Mr. and Mrs. McCune in Salt Lake City, is beautifully illustrated in the booklet. This mansion was given to the Church by Mr. and Mrs. McCune some years ago and was formerly known by the name of, "L. D. S. School of Music," but was changed in August, 1924, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McCune, to "McCune L. D. S. School of Music and Art." The building was presented to the Church in October, 1920, including a number of valuable art works.

Lyrics of the Westland is the title of a booklet of twenty-one poems by Theodore E. Curtis, well known to the readers of the *Improvement Era* as a writer of verse. The book is beautifully made up and printed and contains some of his recently composed verses with selections from the "Pageant, The Harvest of Truth," and from the lyric poem, "In the Temples of the Great Outdoors." Those fortunate enough to obtain a copy will be delighted with the poems of this writer who is especially endowed with the ability to express musical language.

We all enjoy reading the *Era* very much, and the Saints as well as the elders look forward each month to its coming.—*Charles L. Johnson, Cardiff, South Wales.*

"Personally, I have never enjoyed the *Era* so much as I do now, being in the mission field. I can now appreciate the real worth of your paper."—*Leland B. Sheets, conference president, Vienna, Austria.*

I must state, here, that among the educational periodicals that I subscribe to, the *Improvement Era* is one of if not the most valuable magazine. It is, therefore, indispensable for a Latter-day Saint—*Louis Locher Jr., Hyland Park, Salt Lake City.*

We are always pleased to have the opportunity of sending in new subscriptions for our splendid magazine, the *Era*, as we are interested in its welfare and desire to see its circulation increased in this mission. Its good work cannot be over-estimated.—*Rulon H. Tingey, mission secretary, Auckland, New Zealand.*

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CONTENTS

Three Scenes in Provo, Utah.....		Frontispiece
Faith, Hope and Charity. A Poem.....	Henry C. DeWitt.....	619
The Riddle of the Centuries.....	Dr. J. E. Greaves.....	621
Seasons Four. A Poem.....	Dorothy C. Retsloff.....	630
The Heritage and Promise. Part II (V-VI).....	John Henry Evans.....	631
The Silent Battle. A Poem.....	Irvin L. Warnock.....	637
The Root, the Tree, the Fruit—		
The Root.....	Junius F. Wells.....	638
The Tree.....	Martha G. Smith.....	641
The Fruit.....	George O. Morris.....	642
The White Clouds. A Story.....	Samuel Fletcher.....	644
The M. I. A. Slogan. A Poem.....	S. A. Purrington.....	646
We Want, We Long to do the Right. A Poem.....	M. Dewey.....	646
Reunited. A Story.....	Mrs. Alice Morrill.....	647
Teaching as a Vocation.....	L. John Nuttall.....	652
Peaks. A Poem.....	Grace Ingles Frost.....	656
"He that Would be Greatest." A Story. II.....	Mary H. Woolsey.....	657
Looking Forward. A Poem.....	A. Henderson.....	662
Tales of the Trails. Illustrated.....	Joe Hickman.....	663
Mother and Father. Poems.....		666
Parson John's Dishes. A Story.....	Marguerite Cameron.....	669
Moroni's Visit. A Poem.....	Willard Bishop.....	672
Heroes of Science. XI—Bell.....	F. S. Harris and N. I. Butt.....	673
Meditation. A Poem.....	Ida R. Alldredge.....	675
Messages from the Missions. Illustrated.....		676
What They Say.....		686
Editors' Table—Church and Mission Activities.....	Prest. Heber J. Grant.....	689
A Correction.....		697
Priesthood Quorums.....		698
Mutual Work. Illustrated.....		701
Passing Events.....		707
Books.....		710

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